

SELECTIONS
from
**New
Songs
for
Service**

15c each Postpaid
\$10.00 per 100 not Prepaid



THE RODEHEAVER COMPANY

218 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

721 Arch St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW SONGS FOR SERVICE

Many of our friends have asked for a book like Songs for Service.

We have it in this new book with the addition of a very superior grade of new Gospel songs and a special selection of the old hymns for the present demand.

The title, "New Songs for Service," describes splendidly this new book. That we may have in this collection the very best, we have called into consultation the men who have had the most experience in building successful Song Service programs. In addition to these, Mr. Charles H. Gabriel, Mr. B. D. Ackley, and Mr. Homer Hammontree have been advisors and critics from the musical standpoint.

Homer Rodeheaver has given more of his personal time and attention to the compiling of this book than any other we have ever made.

The names of these men are sufficient guarantee that it is worthy of your careful consideration.

THE RODEHEAVER COMPANY.

BETHANY BLESSING

Dedicated to the Bethany Girls

Carrie Stewart-Besserer

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B. D. Ackley

Ac-cept our grat-i-tude, Lord, For all the blessings Thou dost give; Di-rect and

guide our dai-ly paths, And teach us how to live. For Je-sus' sake, A-men.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff for the voice part, and a grand staff (treble and bass) for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics written below the notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes that support the vocal line.

SELECTIONS

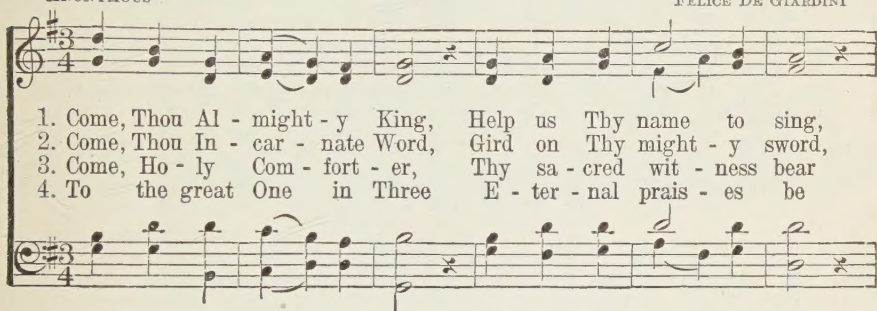
from

New Songs for Service

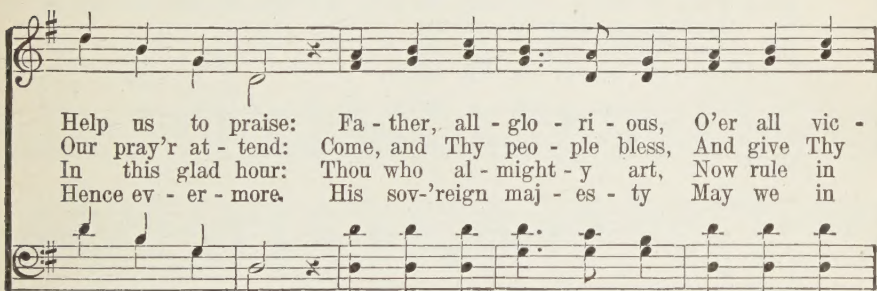
1 COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING

ANONYMOUS

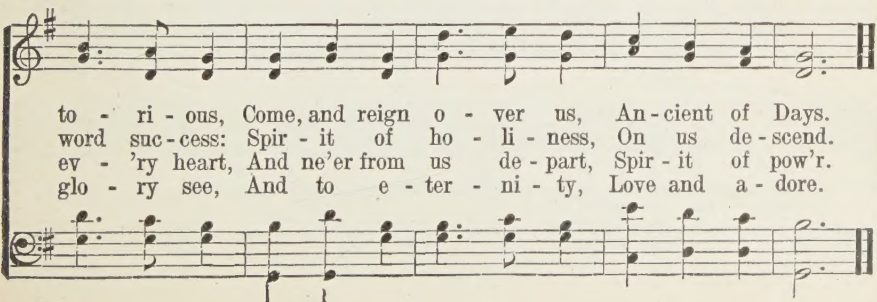
FELICE DE GIARDINI



1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
 2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
 3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
 4. To the great One in Three E - ter - nal prais - es be



Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our pray'r at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour: Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in
 Hence ev - er - more. His sov'-reign maj - es - ty May we in



to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
 word suc - cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty, Love and a - dore.

THE OLD RUGGED CROSS

Copyright, 1913. by Rev. Geo. Bennard. Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner

REV. GEO. BENNARD

REV. GEO. BENNARD

1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rugged cross, The emblem of
 2. Oh, that old rugged cross, so despised by the world, Has a wondrous at -
 3. In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won - drous
 4. To the old rugged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re -

suf - f'ring and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear - est and best
 trac - tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove
 bean - ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf - fered and died
 preach glad-ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way,

CHORUS.

For a world of lost sin - ners was slain. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
 To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry.
 To par - don and sanc-ti - fy me.
 Where His glo - ry for - ev - er I'll share. cross, the

cross, Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
 old rug-ged cross,

old rug-ged cross, And exchange it some day for a crown.
 cross, the old rugged cross,

BESIDE BLUE GALILEE

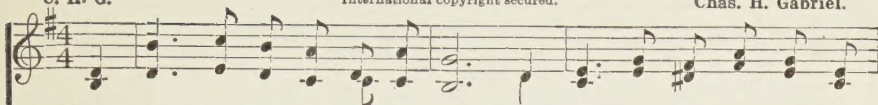
SOLO AND CHORUS

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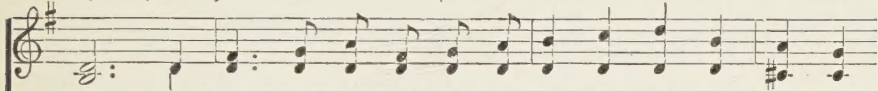
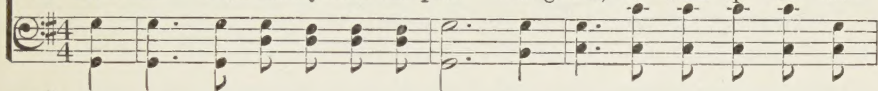
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C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



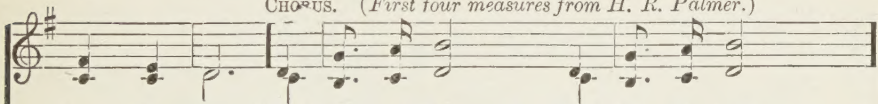
1. Be - side blue Gal - i - lee I stand Where once Thy footsteps marked the
 2. I look out o'er the rest-less sea, And muse and dream, my Lord, of
 3. And now ap-pears a hal-o'd wraith! It speaks! "O ye of lit - tle
 4. Dear Mas - ter, hear my earn-est plea For grace, to walk up - on the



sand; I dream that Thou art with me, Lord—That I am list - 'ning
 Thee— O how the waves o - beyed Thy will, When Thou didst say to
 faith!" It is Thy form, Thy voice di-vine, That speaks to ev - 'ry
 sea; If such should be Thy wise be-hest, Oh, give me faith to



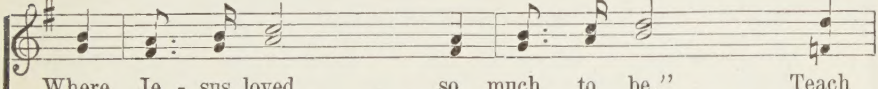
CHORUS. (First four measures from H. R. Palmer.)



to Thy word. "O Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i - lee,
 them, "Be still!"
 heart, and mine!
 stand the test!

Gal - i - lee,.....

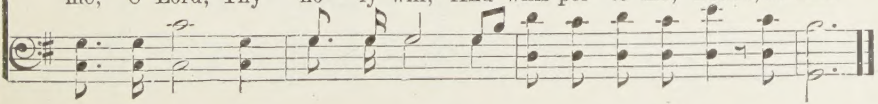
Gal - i - lee,



Where Je - sus loved so much to be," Teach
 Where Je - sus loved so much to be



me, O Lord, Thy ho - ly will, And whis-per to me, "Peace, be still!"



O THAT WILL BE GLORY

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C. H. G.

Words and music

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
 2. When, by the gift of His in-fi-nite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
 3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-

beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
 heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
 round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,

rit. CHORUS. *Faster.*

Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me... O that will be
 O..... that will

glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
 be glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me;.....

rit.

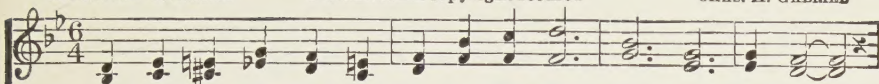
I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.

SOME BRIGHT MORNING

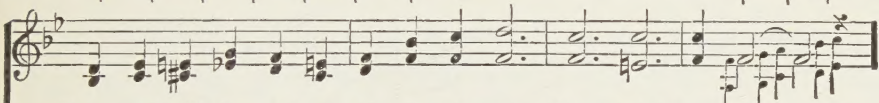
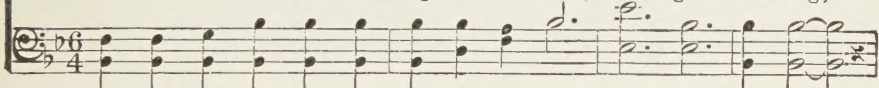
CHARLOTTE G. HOMER

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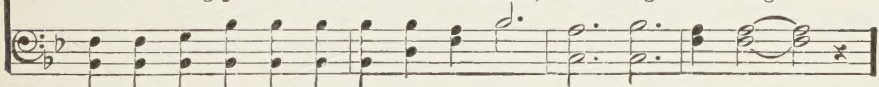
CHAS. H. GABRIEL



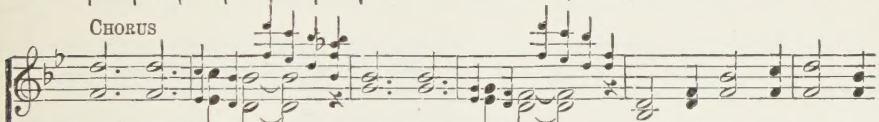
1. Be not a - wea - ry, for la - bor will cease Some glad morn-ing;
2. Wea-ri - some bur-dens will all be laid down, Some glad morn-ing;
3. La - bor well done shall re - ceive its re - ward, Some glad morn-ing;
4. O what a time of re - joic - ing will come, Some glad morn-ing;
5. There with the loved ones who've gone on be - fore, Some glad morn-ing;



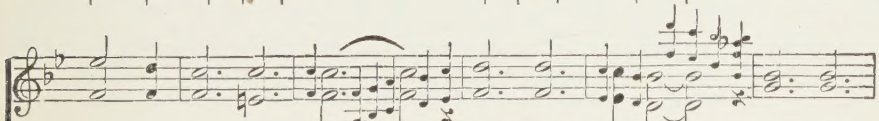
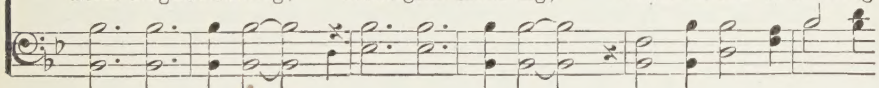
Tur - moil will change in-to in - fi - nite peace, Some bright morn-ing.
 Then shall our cross be exchanged for a crown, Some bright morn-ing.
 Thou who art faith-ful shall be with the Lord, Some bright morn-ing.
 When all the ransomed are gathered at home, Some bright morn-ing.
 We shall sing praise to the Lamb ev - er-more, Some bright morn-ing.



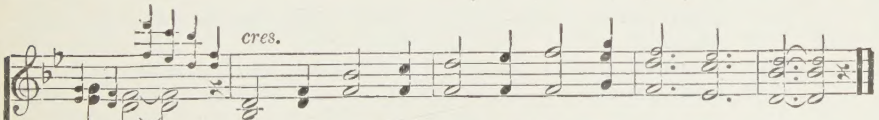
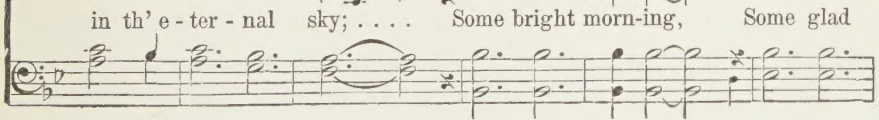
CHORUS



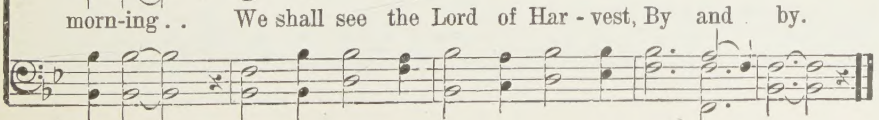
Some bright morning, Some glad morn-ing, When the sun is shin-ing



in th' e - ter - nal sky; Some bright morn-ing, Some glad



morn-ing . . . We shall see the Lord of Har - vest, By and by.



FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

FREDERICK W. FABEE

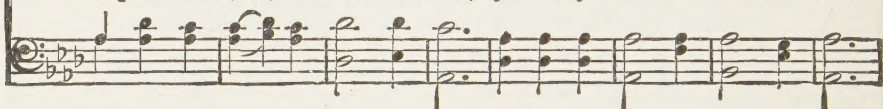
H. F. HEMT



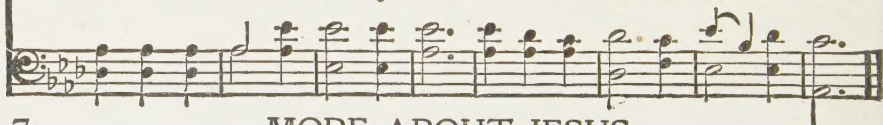
1. Faith of our fa-thers! liv-ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our fa-thers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa-thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:



O how our hearts beat high with joy When'er we hear that glo-rious word!
 How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:



Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
 Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
 Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!



MORE ABOUT JESUS

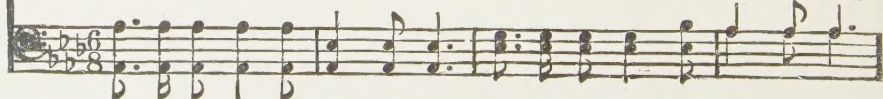
E. E. HEWITT

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY MRS. L. E. SWEENEY. RENEWAL

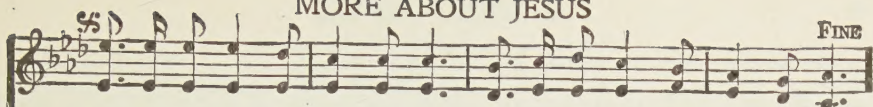
JNO. R. SWEENEY



1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je-sus; in His word, Holding com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je-sus on His throne, Rich-es in glo-ry all His own;

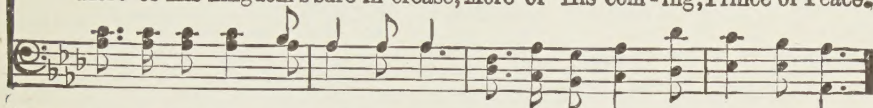


MORE ABOUT JESUS



FINE

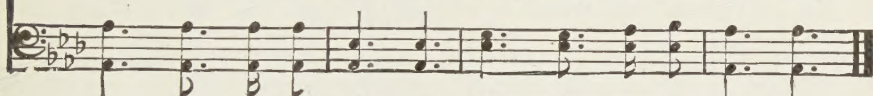
More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir-it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev-'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say-ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure in-crease; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.



D.S.—More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
REFRAIN D.S.

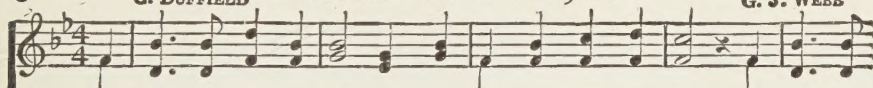


More, more a-bout Je-sus, More, more a-bout Je-sus;



8 G. DUFFIELD STAND UP FOR JESUS

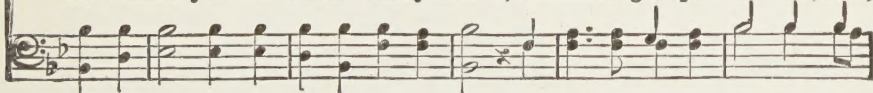
G. J. WEBB



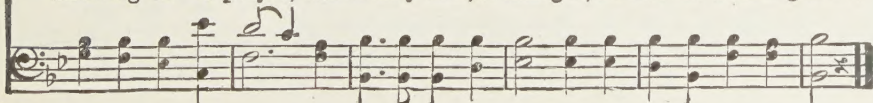
1. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross, Lift high His
2. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, The trump-et call o-bey; Forth to the
3. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus—Stand in His strength a-lone; The arm of



roy-al ban-ner, It must not suf-fer loss; From vic-t'ry un-to vic-t'ry, His
might-y con-flict, In this His glorious day. "Ye that are men now serve Him," A-
flesh will fail you—Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos-pel ar-mor, And,



ar-my shall He lead, Till ev-'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in-deed.
gainst unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose,
watching un-to prayer, Where duty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev-er want-ing there.



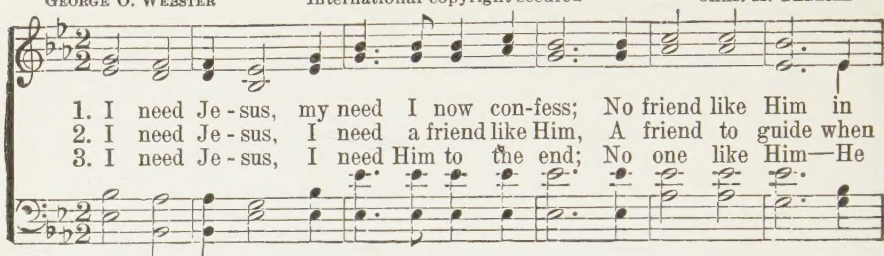
I NEED JESUS

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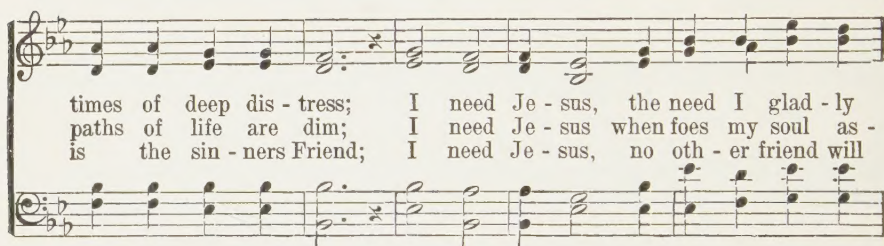
GEORGE O. WEBSTER

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CHAS. H. GABRIEL



1. I need Je - sus, my need I now con-fess; No friend like Him in
 2. I need Je - sus, I need a friend like Him, A friend to guide when
 3. I need Je - sus, I need Him to the end; No one like Him—He

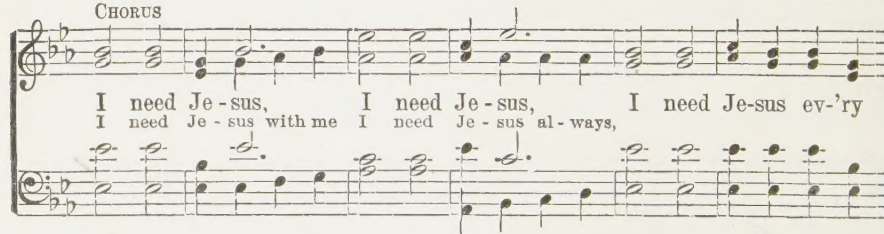


times of deep dis - tress; I need Je - sus, the need I glad - ly
 paths of life are dim; I need Je - sus when foes my soul as -
 is the sin - ners Friend; I need Je - sus, no oth - er friend will

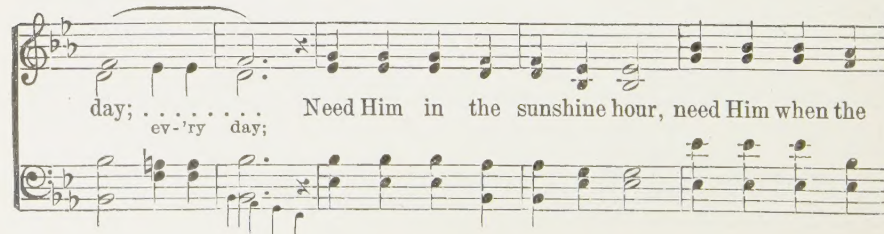


own; Tho' some may bear their load a - lone, Yet I need Je - sus.
 sail; A - lone I know I can but fail,—So I need Je - sus,
 do; So con-stant, kind, so strong, and true,—Yes, I need Je - sus,

CHORUS



I need Je - sus, I need Je - sus, I need Je - sus ev-'ry
 I need Je - sus with me I need Je - sus al - ways,



day; ev-'ry day; Need Him in the sunshine hour, need Him when the

I NEED JESUS

storm-clouds low'r; Ev - 'ry day a - long my way, Yes, I need Je - sus.

10 LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING

P. P. B.

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P. P. BLISS

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His lighthouse ev - er - more;
 2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
 3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my brother! Some poor sea - man, tempest-tossed,

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
 Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
 Try - ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

CHORUS

Let the low - er lights be burning! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

Some poor faint-ing struggling sea-man You may res - cue, you may save.

11 ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME

EDWARD PERRONET

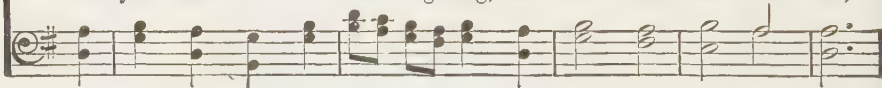
OLIVER HOLDEN



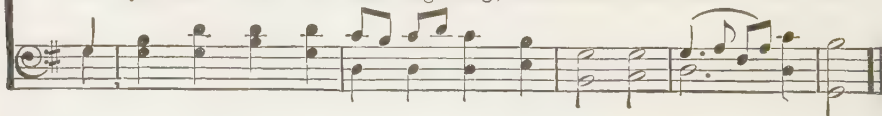
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth - ly ball;
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall,
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
5. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
 Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all,
 Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all,
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all,



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.



12

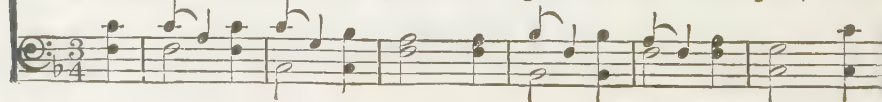
BLEST BE THE TIE

JOHN FAWCETT

HANS G. NAEGLI



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love; The
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear; And
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But



BLEST BE THE TIE

fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

13

NEAR THE CROSS

FANNY J. CROSBY

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W. H. DOANE

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain
 2. Near the cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
 3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
 4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,

Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.
 There the Bright and Morn - ing Star Sheds its beams a - round me.
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

CHORUS

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;

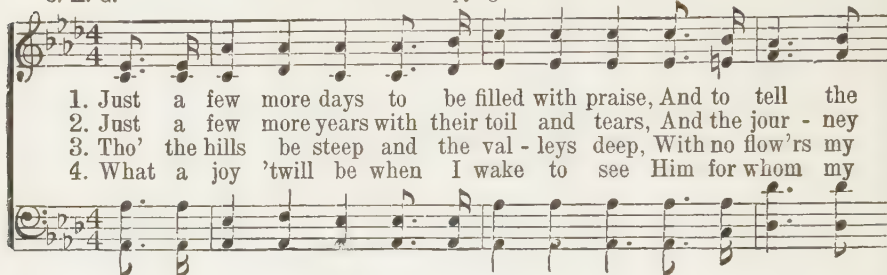
Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

14 WHERE THE GATES SWING OUTWARD NEVER

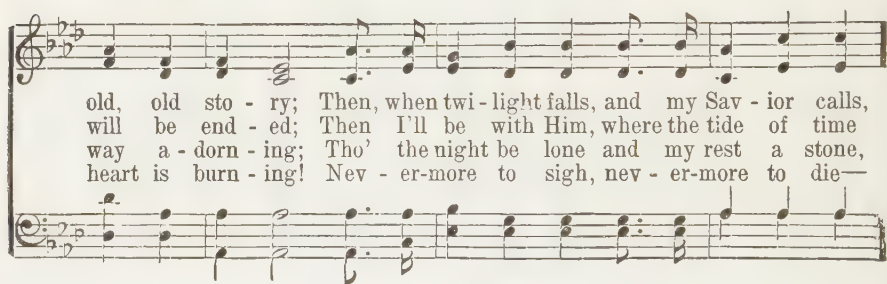
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C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

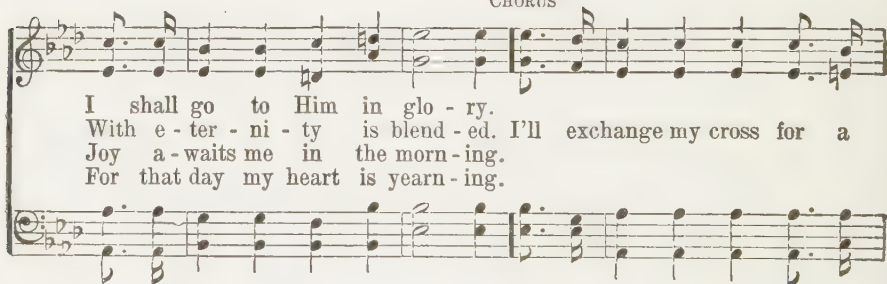


1. Just a few more days to be filled with praise, And to tell the
2. Just a few more years with their toil and tears, And the jour - ney
3. Tho' the hills be steep and the val - leys deep, With no flow'rs my
4. What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see Him for whom my

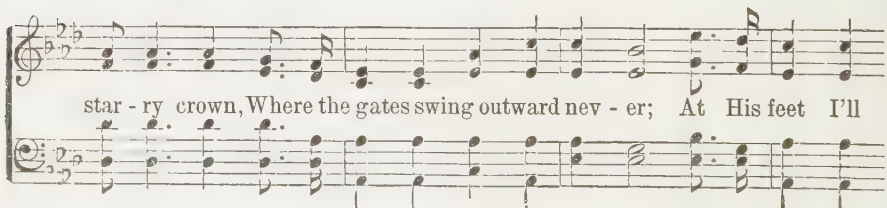


old, old sto - ry; Then, when twi - light falls, and my Sav - ior calls,
will be end - ed; Then I'll be with Him, where the tide of time
way a - dorn - ing; Tho' the night be lone and my rest a stone,
heart is burn - ing! Nev - er - more to sigh, nev - er - more to die -

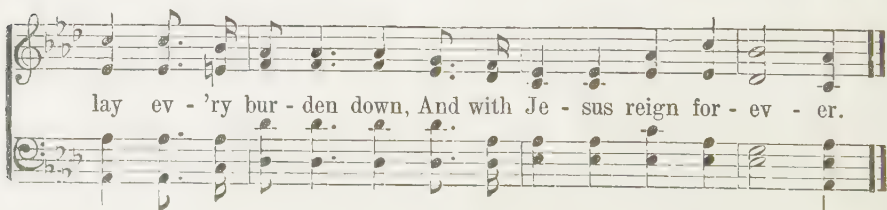
CHORUS



I shall go to Him in glo - ry.
With e - ter - ni - ty is blend - ed. I'll exchange my cross for a
Joy a - waits me in the morn - ing.
For that day my heart is yearn - ing.



star - ry crown, Where the gates swing outward nev - er; At His feet I'll



lay ev - 'ry bur - den down, And with Je - sus reign for - ev - er.

HE IS HOLDING ME.

C. H. G.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I have a faith that can nev - er be shak-en, Faith that lays hold up - on
2. I have a hope that shines clearer and clearer, E'en as the stars in an
3. I have a trust that grows brighter and brighter, Trust in the love of my



Je - sus, the Son; And from my heart it can nev - er be tak - en—
un-cloud - ed night; And to my soul it grows dear-er and dear - er,
Sav - ior. my King; Mak - ing the cross that I car - ry the light - er,



CHORUS.



Faith in the name of the Cru - ci - fied One.
Flood - ing my soul with un - fad - ing de - light. He is hold - ing me,
As to the word of His prom - ise I cling.



safe en-fold - ing me, And by His grace I from sin am made free! With me

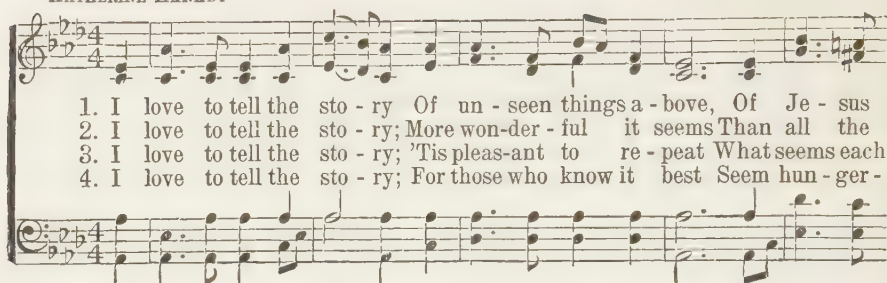


ev - 'ry hour, in His saving pow'r, Je - sus, the Sav - ior, who died for me.



KATHERINE HANKEY

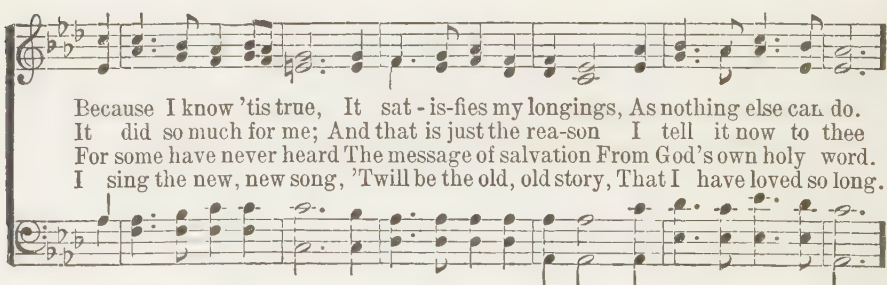
WILLIAM G. FISCHER



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems each
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger -



and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love, I love to tell the sto - ry,
 gold - en fan - cies Of all my golden dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry,
 time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry;
 ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry,

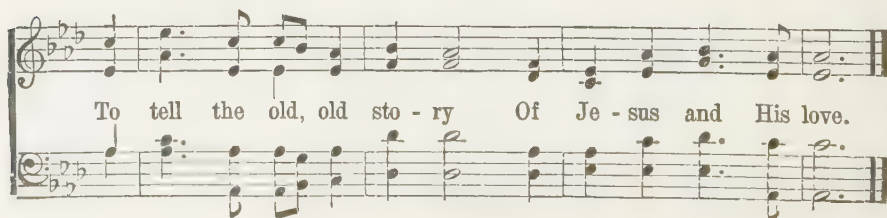


Because I know 'tis true, It sat - is - fies my longings, As nothing else can do.
 It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee
 For some have never heard The message of salvation From God's own holy word.
 I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old story, That I have loved so long.

CHORUS



I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry



To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

HARK, HARK, MY SOUL!

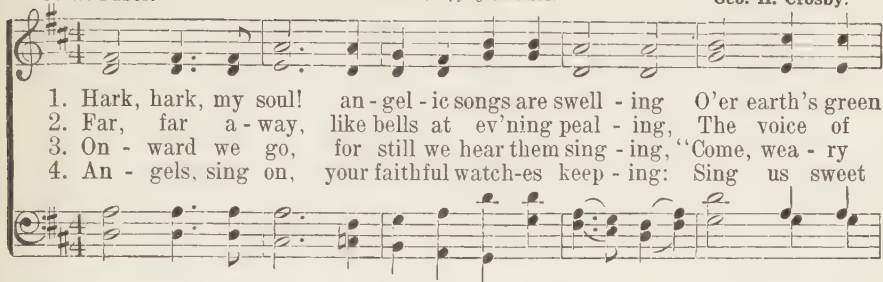
CHOIR OR QUARTET.

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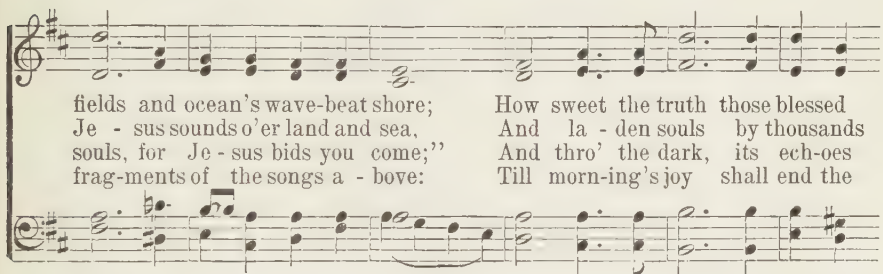
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F. W. Faber.

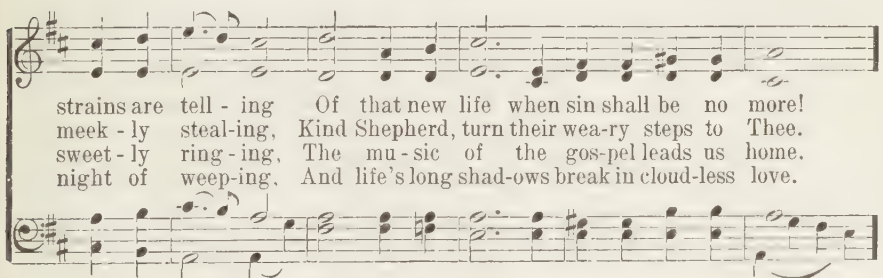
Geo. H. Crosby.



1. Hark, hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green
 2. Far, far a - way, like bells at ev'ning peal - ing, The voice of
 3. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry
 4. An - gels, sing on, your faithful watch-es keep - ing: Sing us sweet

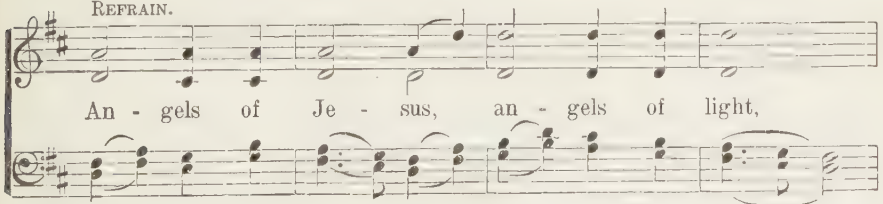


fields and ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed
 Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by thousands
 souls, for Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its ech-oes
 frag-ments of the songs a - bove: Till morn-ing's joy shall end the

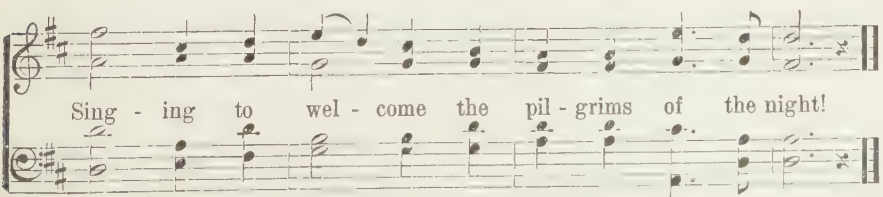


strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
 meek - ly steal-ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their wea-ry steps to Thee.
 sweet - ly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the gos-pel leads us home.
 night of weep-ing, And life's long shad-ows break in cloud-less love.

REFRAIN.



An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light,



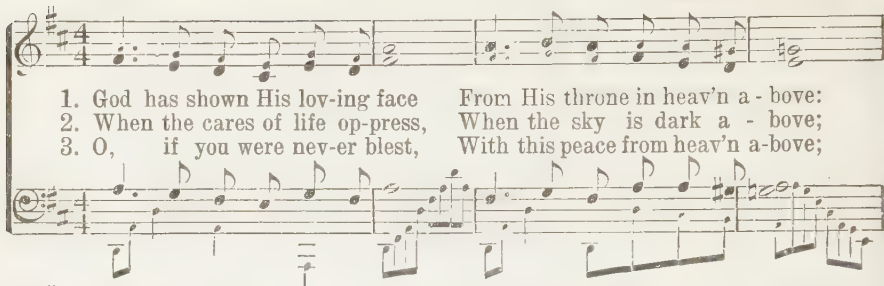
Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night!

RESTING IN HIS LOVE

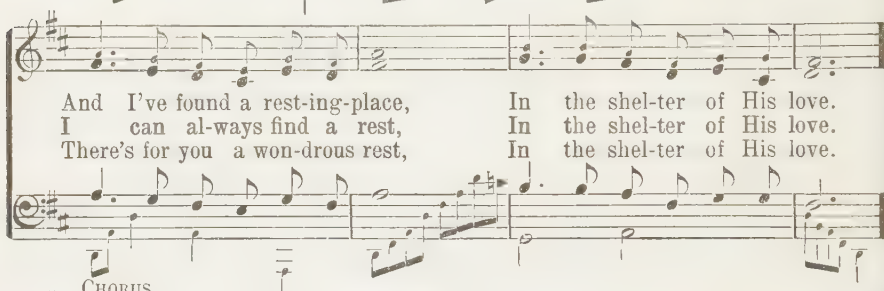
V. P. Brock.

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Blanche Kerr Brock.

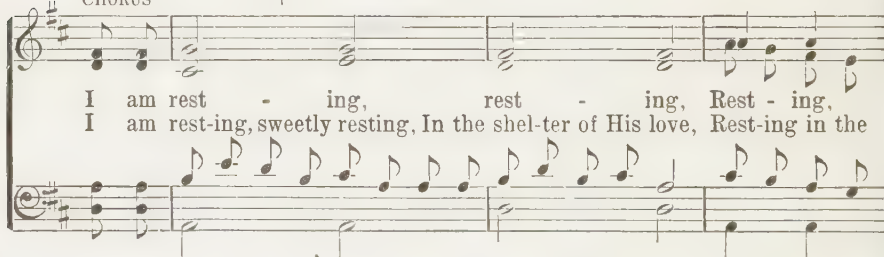


1. God has shown His lov-ing face From His throne in heav'n a - bove;
2. When the cares of life op-press, When the sky is dark a - bove;
3. O, if you were nev-er blest, With this peace from heav'n a-bove;

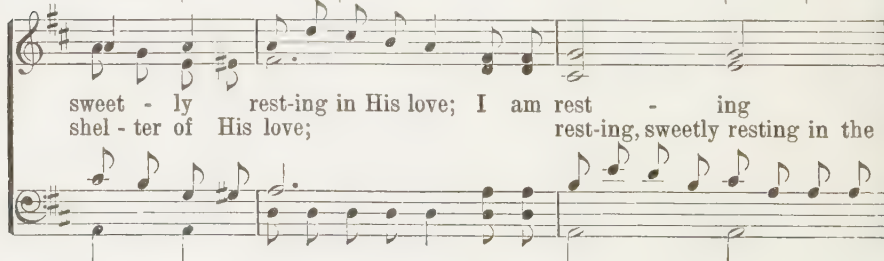


And I've found a rest-ing-place, In the shel-ter of His love.
I can al-ways find a rest, In the shel-ter of His love.
There's for you a won-drous rest, In the shel-ter of His love.

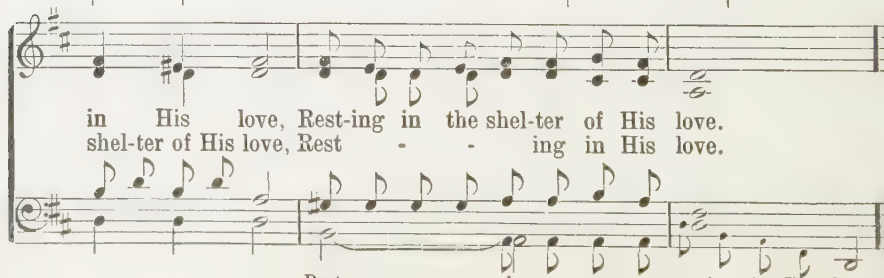
CHORUS



I am rest - ing, rest - ing, Rest - ing,
I am rest-ing, sweetly resting, In the shel-ter of His love, Rest-ing in the



sweet - ly rest-ing in His love; I am rest - ing
shel - ter of His love; rest-ing, sweetly resting in the



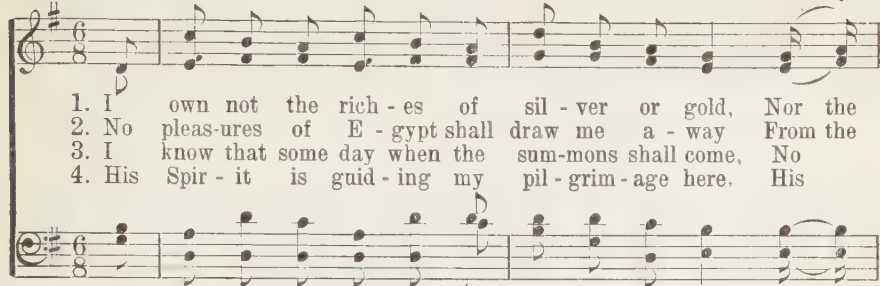
in His love, Rest-ing in the shel-ter of His love.
shel-ter of His love, Rest - ing in His love.

19 THE WEALTH OF ALL HEAVEN IS MINE

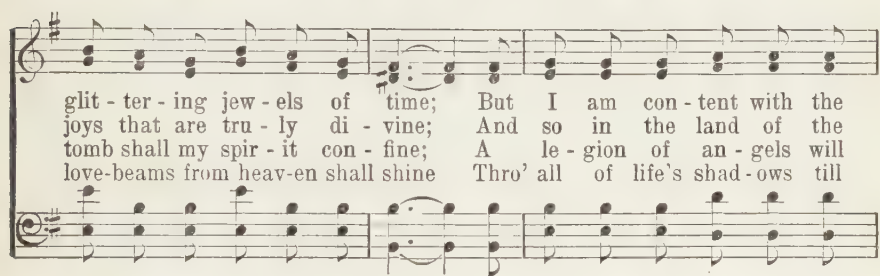
Rev. A. H. Ackley

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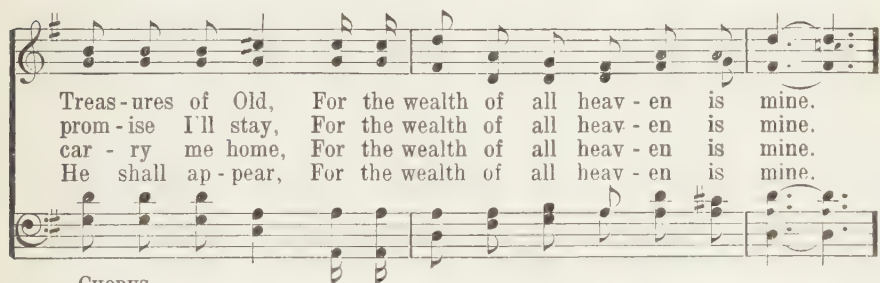
B. D. Ackley



1. I own not the rich - es of sil - ver or gold, Nor the
2. No pleas-ures of E - gypt shall draw me a - way From the
3. I know that some day when the sum-mons shall come, No
4. His Spir - it is guid - ing my pil - grim - age here, His



glit - ter - ing jew - els of time; But I am con - tent with the
joys that are tru - ly di - vine; And so in the land of the
tomb shall my spir - it con - fine; A le - gion of an - gels will
love-beams from heav-en shall shine Thro' all of life's shad - ows till

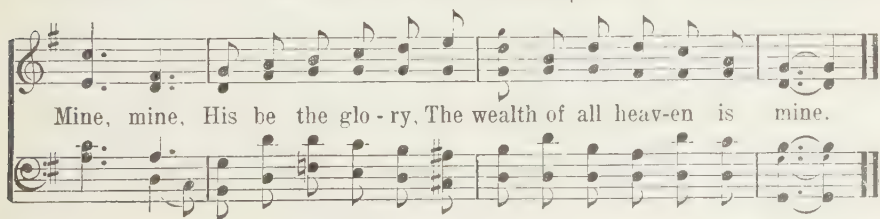


Treas - ures of Old, For the wealth of all heav - en is mine.
prom - ise I'll stay, For the wealth of all heav - en is mine.
car - ry me home, For the wealth of all heav - en is mine.
He shall ap - pear, For the wealth of all heav - en is mine.

CHORUS



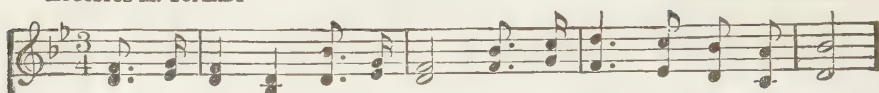
Mine, mine, wait - ing be - fore me! Mine, mine, won - der - ful sto - ry!



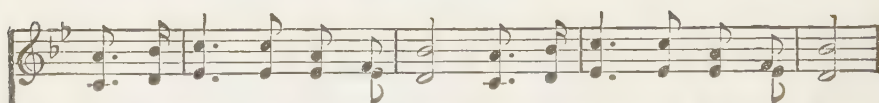
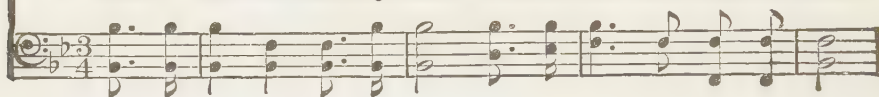
Mine, mine, His be the glo - ry, The wealth of all heav - en is mine.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY

THOMAS HASTINGS



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
 These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
 When I rise to worlds un - known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,



Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



SARAH F. ADAMS

Arr. by LOWELL MASON



1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to Heav'n: All that Thou
4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and



NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be,
 o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
 send-est me, In mer - cy giv'n: An - gels to beck - on me,
 sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
 stars for - got, Up - wards I'll fly, Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

22

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

CHARLES WESLEY

S. B. MARSH
FINE

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, }
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! }
 2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee: }
 { Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me! }
 3. { Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; }
 { Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. }
 4. { Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; }
 { Let the heal - ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in. }

D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - venguide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
 D.C.—Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 D.C.—False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 D.C.—Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

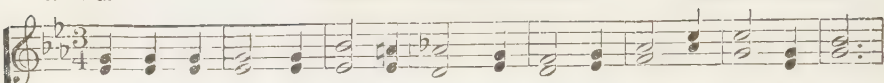
D.C.
 Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
 Thou of life the foun - tain art; Free - ly let me take of Thee;

RECEIVE MY CRY

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C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL



1. Sav - ior, be with me ev - 'ry hour, For oh! I need Thy sav - ing pow'r;
2. Rough was Thy way to Cal - va - ry, Where Thou was lit - ed up for me;
3. Tho' I have man - y times de - nied Thy name, yet still with me a - bide;
4. When I have reached the riv - er side, Be with me thro' the swelling tide;



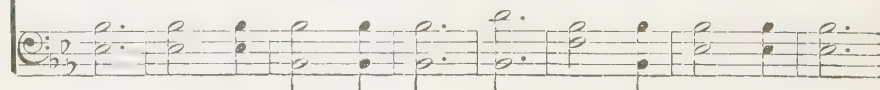
Hold Thou my hand, Lord, speak to me, And cause my blind - ed eyes to see.
Yet in Thy mer - cy hear my cry, For with - out Thee, Lord, I must die.
Purge me from sin! oh, make me pure, That I temp - ta - tion may en - dure.
Then with the ransomed on that shore I'll praise Thy name for - ev - er - more.



REFRAIN



Sav - ior, I plead with Thee! My Guide and Keep - er be!



Mer - ci - ful One, re - ceive my cry, For without Thee I must die!

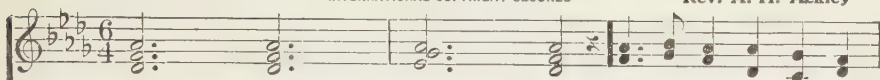


O, WHAT A WONDERFUL SAVIOR

A. H. A.

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Rev. A. H. Ackley



1. I have a Friend who a - bides in my heart, O, what a won - der - ful
2. Nev - er a foe that His eye can - not see, O, what a won - der - ful
3. He will the vil - est of sin - ners for - give, O, what a won - der - ful
4. There is a home at the end of life's way, O, what a won - der - ful



Sav - ior! I can - not live from His pres - ence a - part, O, what a
 Sav - ior! Nev - er a mo - ment that He for - gets me, O, what a
 Sav - ior! No heart so dead but His touch can make live, O, what a
 Sav - ior! Where in His pres - ence for - ev - er I'll stay, O, what a



CHORUS



won - der - ful Sav - ior! O, what a won - der - ful Sav - ior is He,



Won - der of won - ders that He should love me! Some day His glo - ri - ous



face I shall see, . . . O, what a won - der - ful Sav - ior!

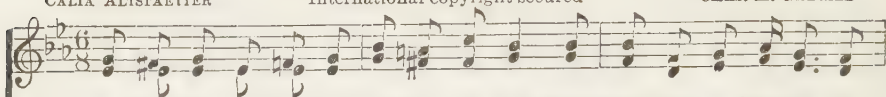


MAKE SOMEBODY HAPPY TODAY

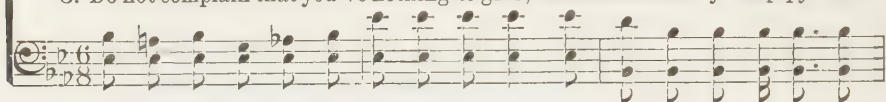
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CALIA ALTSTAETTER

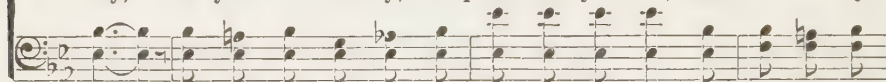
CHAS. H. GABRIEL



1. If your own sorrows you want to for-get, Make some-bod-y hap-py to -
2. If you seek pleasure no trou-ble can mar, Make some-bod-y hap-py to -
3. Do not complain that you've nothing to give, Make some-bod-y hap-py to -



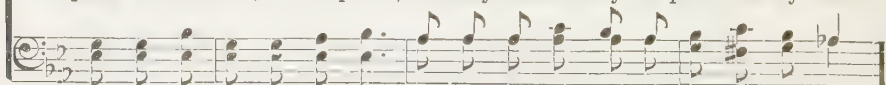
day; If in your heart you would know no re-gret, Make some-bod-y
day; You'll find it wait-ing you, right where you are, Make some-bod-y
day; Do your whole du-ty, and preach as you live, Make some-bod-y



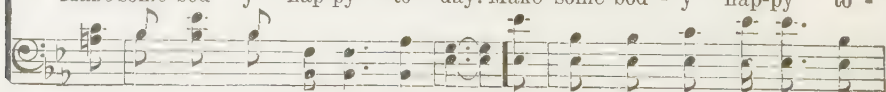
hap-py to-day. Oth-ers near by you may be in despair, Struggling 'neath
hap-py to-day. Is your life darkened by hopes that were vain? Go help an-
hap-py to-day. Tho' you have on-ly a smile, or a flow'r, Give it, and



cross-es so heav-y to bear; They may take heart, if you show that you care—
oth-er his goal to at-tain! What you have lost, by your help he may gain—
speak of His love, of His pow'r; You may cheer man-y a pain-wea-ry hour—



Make some-bod-y hap-py to-day. Make some-bod-y hap-py to -



MAKE SOMEBODY HAPPY TODAY

day O sing a glad song on your way; The good that you
to-day, O sing a glad song on your way;

do brings blessing to you, Makesome-bod-y hap-py to-day.

26

JESUS HAS LOVED

J. WAKEFIELD MACGILL

ANTOINE E. BATISTE

1. Je - sus has loved me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus has
2. Je - sus has saved me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus has
3. Je - sus will lead me— won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus will

loved me, I can - not tell why; . . . He came to res - cue
saved me, I can - not tell how; . . . But this I do know,
lead me, I can - not tell where; . . . So I will fol - low

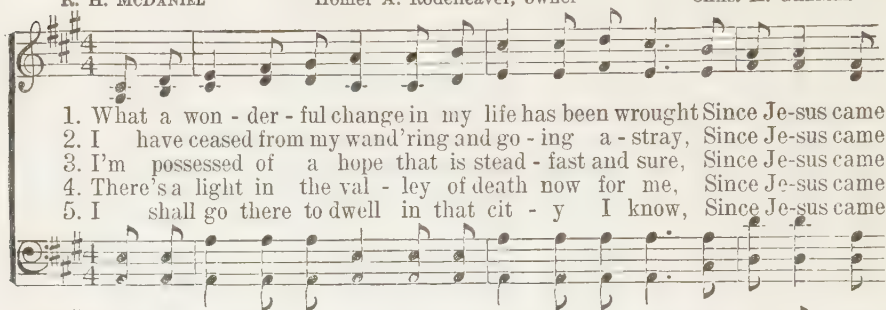
sin - ners un - wor - thy; My heart He conquered, for Him I would die.
He came, my ran - som, Dy - ing on Cal - v'ry with thorns on His brow.
thro' joy or sor - row, Sunshine or tempest, since He leads me there.

SINCE JESUS CAME INTO MY HEART

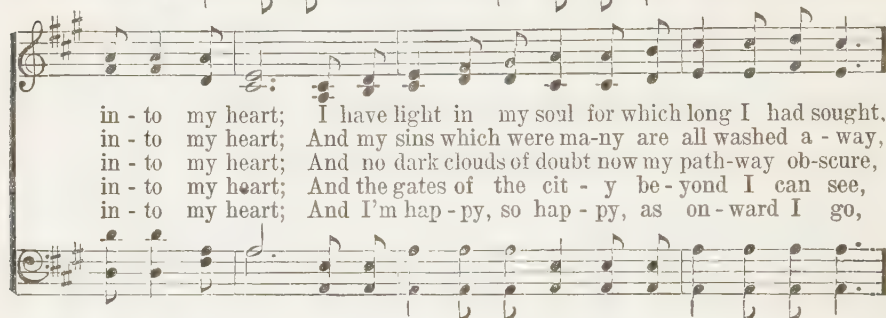
R. H. McDANIEL

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Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner

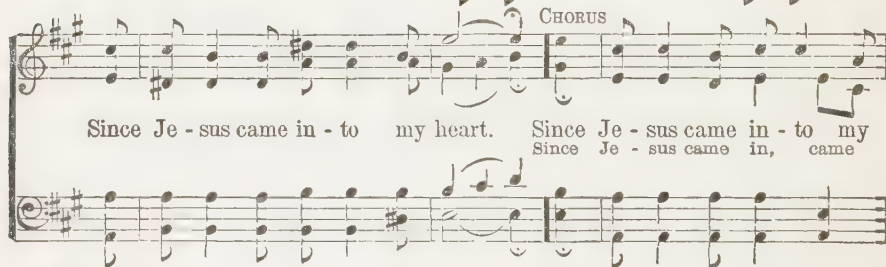
CHAS. H. GABRIEL



1. What a won - der - ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je - sus came
 2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a - stray, Since Je - sus came
 3. I'm possessed of a hope that is stead - fast and sure, Since Je - sus came
 4. There's a light in the val - ley of death now for me, Since Je - sus came
 5. I shall go there to dwell in that cit - y I know, Since Je - sus came

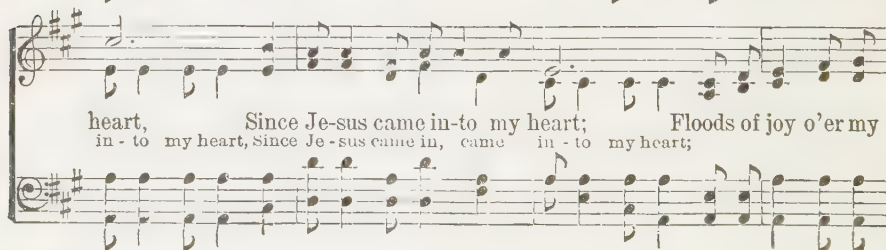


in - to my heart; I have light in my soul for which long I had sought.
 in - to my heart; And my sins which were ma - ny are all washed a - way,
 in - to my heart; And no dark clouds of doubt now my path - way ob - scure,
 in - to my heart; And the gates of the cit - y be - yond I can see,
 in - to my heart; And I'm hap - py, so hap - py, as on - ward I go,



CHORUS

Since Je - sus came in - to my heart. Since Je - sus came in - to my
 Since Je - sus came in, came



heart, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart; Floods of joy o'er my
 in - to my heart, Since Je - sus came in, came in - to my heart;



soul like the sea - bil - lows roll, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.

ALL HAIL, THOU SON OF DAVID!

C. H. G.

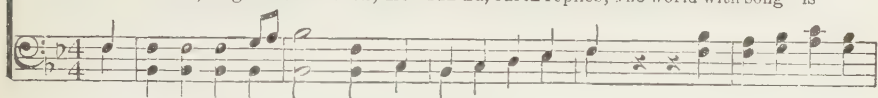
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CHAS. H. GABRIEL



1. All hail, Thou Son of Da - vid, Re-deem-er of the world! We stand beneath Thy
 2. Ho - san - na in the high - est To Thee, Thou Holy One! All hail the Lord's a -
 3. Ho - san - na, sing the chil - dren; Ho - san - na, earth replies; The world with song is



ban - ner That nev - er shall be furled. All hail! with joy we greet Thee, And loud ho-san-nas
 noint - ed, Great David's greater Son. Ride on, ride on in triumph! Thy name, Thy praise we
 vi - brant—It ech-oes thro' the skies. For ev - er and for - ev - er, in earth and heav'n a -



CHORUS

sing; We wave our palms be - fore Thee, And cry, "All hail, O King!" Ho-san - na, ho -
 sing; Ho-san-na in the high - est, Ho-san-na to our King!
 bove, Our song shall be "Ho - san - na To Thee, O King of Love." Ho-san-na,



san - na, Ho-san-na to the Lord! Ho-san - na, ho-san - na, Ho -
 ho-san-na, Ho-san-na, ho-san-na,



CODA.

san-na to the King. Ho-san-na, ho-san-na, ho-san-na in the high-est.

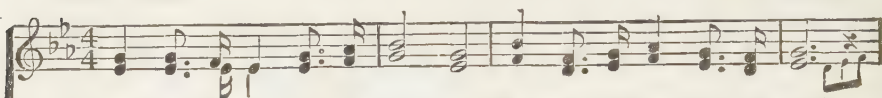


TELL ME THE STORY OF JESUS

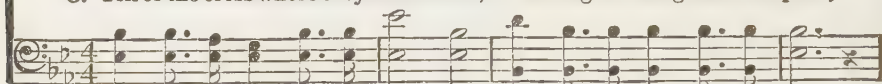
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FANNY J. CROSBY

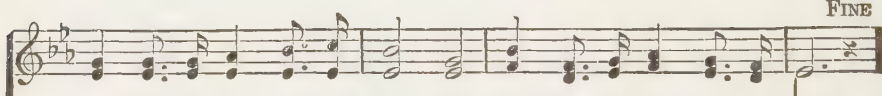
JNO. R. SWENEY



1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;
2. Fast-ing a-lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that are past,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, With-ing in an-guish and pain;

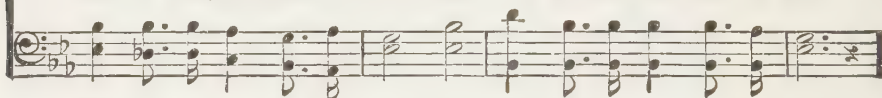


CHO.—Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;



FINE

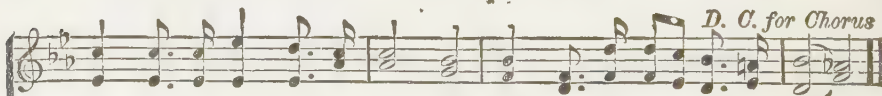
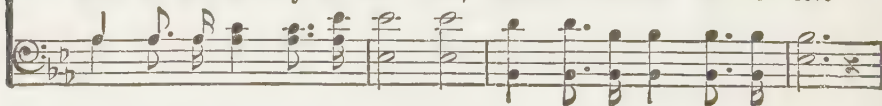
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet-est that ev - er was heard.
How for our sins He was tempt - ed, Yet was tri - um - phant at last.
Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liv - eth a - gain.



Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet-est that ev - er was heard.

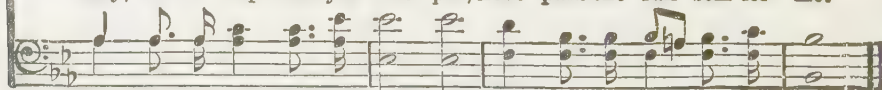


Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus, Sang as they welcomed His birth,
Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor - row He bore,
Love in that sto - ry so ten - der, Clear-er than ev - er I see:



D. C. for Chorus

"Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good ti - dings to earth."
He was de-spised and af - flict - ed, Home-less, de - ject-ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whis - per, Love paid the ran - som for me.



30 THE CHURCH BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

Rev. W. C. Poole

B. D. Ackley

1. Thro' the mist of years I can seem to see The church of my childhood
 2. And the old, old songs that we used to sing, I'm sing-ing them o'er and
 3. At the place of pray'r, in that lit - tle church, I knelt at my mother's
 4. There's a hal-lowed spot 'neath the old pine tree, Where mother was laid to

days; And it's mem'-ries sweet, so with joy re - plete, Shall live in my
 o'er; They give strength and cheer, when the clouds draw near, And lead to the
 side, There the Lord I found, it is ho - ly ground, The One who for
 rest; What a joy 'twill be her dear face to see, With Him that I

CHORUS. (*First four measures old melody.*)

heart al - way.
 oth - er shore. Then on mem - o - ry's page I can see a - gain, The
 sin - ners died.
 love the best.

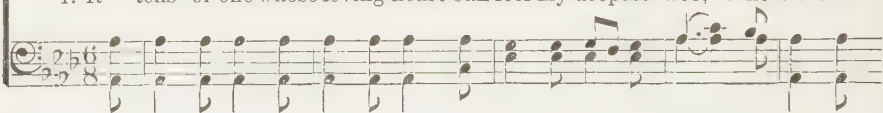
church by the side of the road; And wher-ev - er I

roam, it is guid-ing me home, The church by the side of the road.

THERE IS A NAME I LOVE TO HEAR



1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Savior's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells me what my Father hath In store for ev-'ry day, And tho' I
4. It tells of one whose loving heart Can feel my deepest woe, Who in each



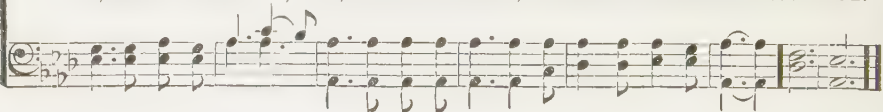
CHORUS



mu-sic in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth.
 of His precious blood, The sinner's per-fect plea. Oh, how I love Je-sus,
 tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.
 sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.



Oh, how I love Je-sus, Oh, how I love Jesus, Because He first loved me. A-men.



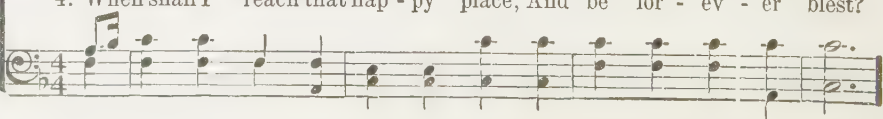
ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS

SAMUEL STENNETT

Arr. by R. M. McINTOSH



1. On Jor-dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. All o'er those wide, ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
3. No chill-ing winds, nor pois'ous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?



ONLY SHADOWS.

A. H. A.

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A. H. Ackley.



1. There are shadows of sor-row that dark-en life's way, They are on - ly
2. There are shadows of fear bringing tho'ts that dis-may, They are on - ly
3. There are shadows of doubt that steal in - to our mind, They are on - ly
4. There are shadows of death that are black with despair, They are on - ly



shad - ows, But be-hind the dark shad-ows shines love's kind-ly ray,
 shad - ows, If we walk in His love they will all pass a - way,
 shad - ows, If we look to the cross blest as - sur - ance we find,
 shad - ows, For Christ Je - sus, the Light of the world, will be there,



CHORUS.



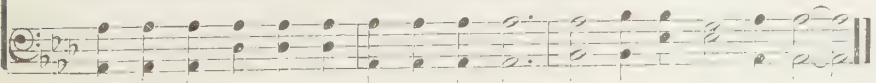
They are on - ly shad - ows. Do not doubt, do not fear, When the



shadows ap-pear, Just re-mem-ber that dark lone-ly shad - ows Can-not



hide God's dear face, If we trust in His grace, They are on - ly shad-ows.



37 THE WORLD IS BRIGHT, THE WORLD IS GOOD

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C. H. G.

(CHOIR OR QUARTETTE)

Chas. H. Gabriel



1. The world is bright, the world is good. For by a Mas-ter hand
2. The fruit-ful fields are from His grace: The har-vest time He gives:
3. Be-hold the flow-ers of the field, The might-y for-est trees.
4. As His pro-TECT-ing wings are thrown O'er us from day to day.



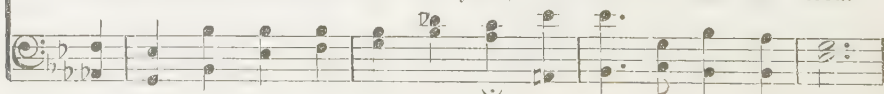
Its seas were spread, its mountains built, And all its fit-ness planned. That
The sea-sons come at His com-mand, In Him all na-ture lives. He
The crea-tures of the deep and wild. The birds and bus-y bees! Life
So let us care for those who tread With us life's great high-way. A



Mas-ter Build-er is our God! Om-nip-o-tent, di-vine is He.
plant-ed in the hu-man breast A lat-ent Broth-er-hood of love
gave He un-to all that is On earth, in sea, and in the sky;
word of cheer, a help-ing hand Ex-tend-ed in a time of need.



The might-y One who was, and is. And shall for-ev-er be.
That, nur-tured by good deeds, it might A fount of bless-ing prove.
Yet more than life He gave to man—A soul that shall not die.
Will make some bur-den-ed heart re-joice, And God will bless the deed.



THE WORLD IS BRIGHT, THE WORLD IS GOOD

REFRAIN

Thy name (Thy name) we mag - ni - fy! Thee, Lord, (Thee, Lord,) we

glo - ri - fy! Great Build-er, Thee we will a - dore For - ev - er - more.

38

FATHER, LEAD ME DAY BY DAY

John P. Hopps

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Chas. H. Gabriel

1. Fa - ther, lead me day by day, Ev - er in Thine own sweet way;
2. When in dan - ger make me brave, Make me know that Thou canst save;
3. When I'm tempt - ed to do wrong, Keep me stead-fast, wise, and strong;
4. May I do the good I know, Serv-ing glad - ly here be - low,

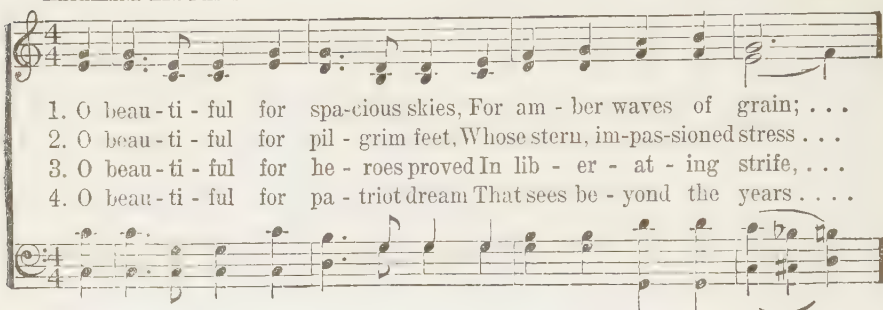
Teach me to be pure and true, Show me what I ought to do.
Keep me safe by Thy dear side; Let me in Thy love a - bide.
And when all a - lone I stand, Shield me with Thy might - y hand.
Then at last go home to Thee, Ev - er - more Thine own to be.

REFRAIN

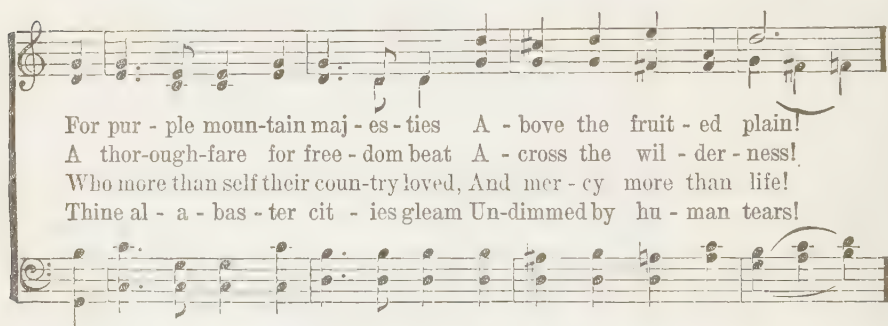
Lead me, lead me, Fa - ther, lead me day by day.
Lead me, lead me, lead me,

KATHARINE LEE BATES

SAMUEL A. WARD



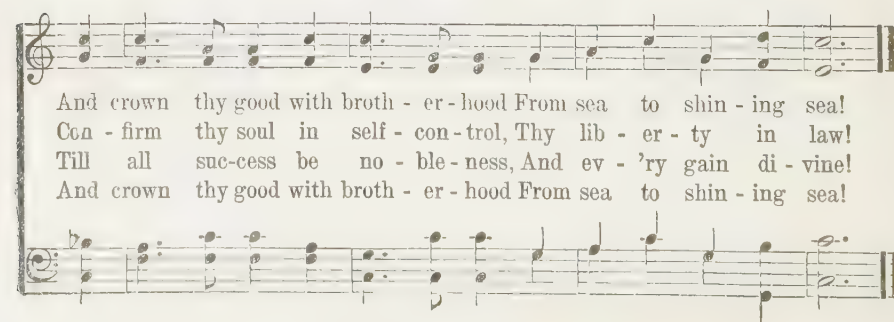
1. O beau-ti - ful for spa-cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain; ...
 2. O beau-ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress ...
 3. O beau-ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife, ...
 4. O beau-ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years



For pur - ple moun-tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
 A thor-ough-fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
 Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
 Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu - man tears!



A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,

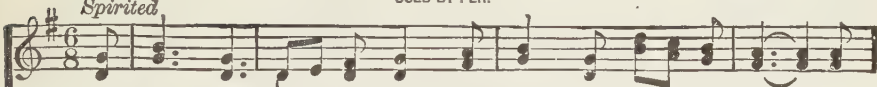


And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
 Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
 Till all suc-cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
 And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!

WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION

ISAAC WATTS
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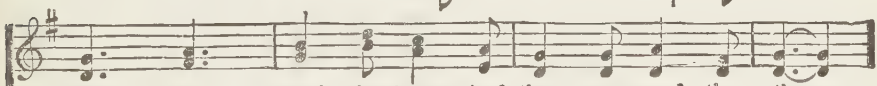
ROBERT LOWRY



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets Be -
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're



in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And
 chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May
 fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or
 marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To



thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
 speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.



thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.

CHORUS



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
 We're march - ing on to Zi - on,



march - ing up - ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
 Zi - on, Zi - on,



MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

RAY PALMER

LOWELL MASON

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
 2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid darkness

when I pray, Take all my sin a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
 died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, — A liv - ing fire!
 turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.

MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE

ANONYMOUS

A. J. GORDON

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
 2. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 3. In mansions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

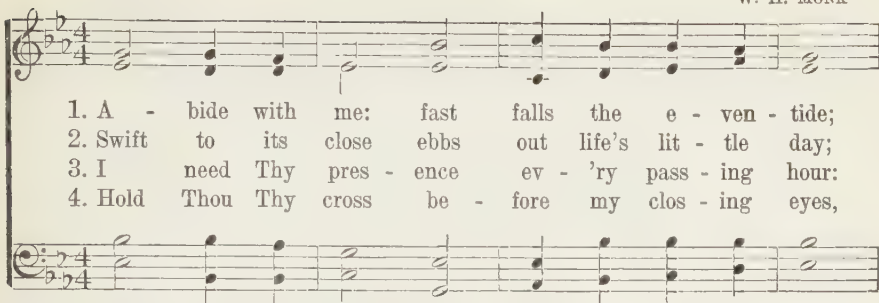
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

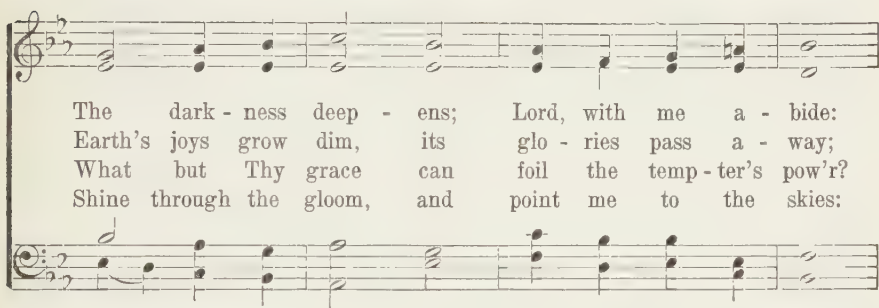
ABIDE WITH ME

H. F. LYTE

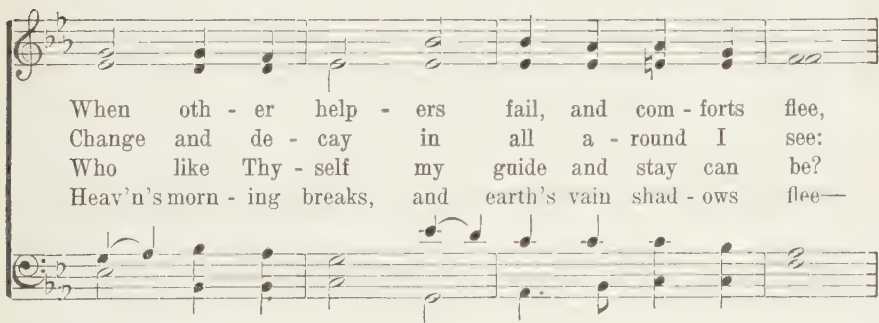
W. H. MONK



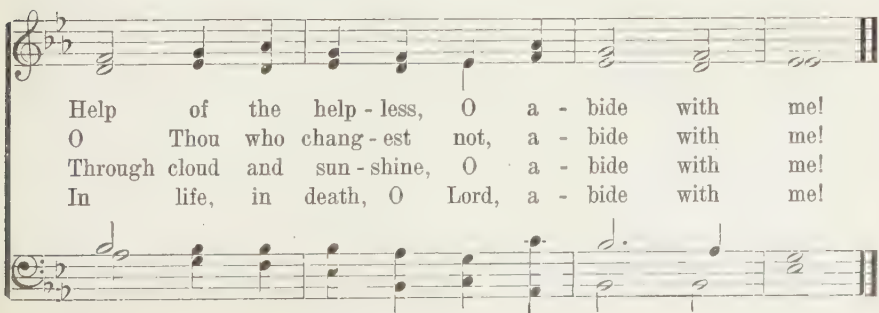
1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide;
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour:
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes,



The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide:
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
 What but Thy grace can foil the temp - ter's pow'r?
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:



When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee,
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see:
 Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be?
 Heav'n's morn - ing breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows flee—



Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
 O Thou who chang - est not, a - bide with me!
 Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me!
 In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

MOMENT BY MOMENT

D. W. WHITTLE

Copyright, 1921, by May Whittle Moody. Renewal

MAY WHITTLE MOODY

1. Dy - ing with Je - sus, by death reckoned mine: Liv - ing with Je - sus, a
 2. Nev - er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev - er a bur - den that
 3. Nev - er a heartache, and nev - er a groan, Nev - er a teardrop and
 4. Nev - er a weak - ness that He doth not feel, Nev - er a sickness that

new life di - vine; Looking to Je - sus till glo - ry doth shine, Mo - ment by
 He doth not bear, Nev - er a sor - row that He doth not share, Mo - ment by
 nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan - ger but there on the throne, Mo - ment by
 He can - not heal; Mo - ment by moment, in woe er in weal, Je - sus, my

CHORUS

mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.
 mo - ment, I'm un - der His care. Mo - ment by mo - ment I'm kept in His love;
 mo - ment He thinks of His own.
 Sav - ior, a - bides with me still.

Mo - ment by moment I've life from a - bove; Looking to Je - sus till

glo - ry doth shine; Mo - ment by mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.

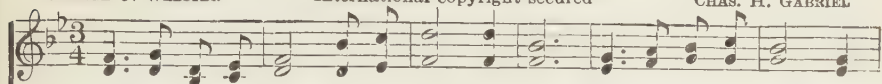
JUST A WHISPERED PRAYER

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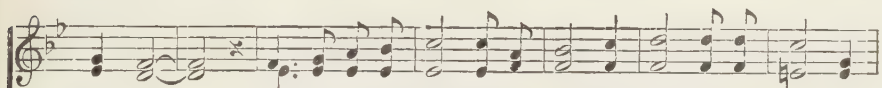
GEORGE O. WEBSTER

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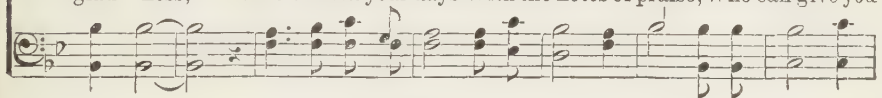
CHAS. H. GABRIEL



1. Just a whispered prayer, And the load of care From the burdened heart is
2. Just a whispered prayer, And the load you bear And the darkened path grow
3. Just a whispered prayer, And a Friend is there, Who can turn your grief to



lift - ed; And a gleam of light Makes the pathway bright, For the heav-y
light - er; Wheresoe'er thou art, With a lift - ed heart You will find your
glad - ness, Who can fill your days With the notes of praise, Who can give you



CHORUS



clouds are rift - ed . . . Do not travel on in dark-ness, . . . When
skies grow bright-er . . .
song for sad - ness . . . in dark-ness,

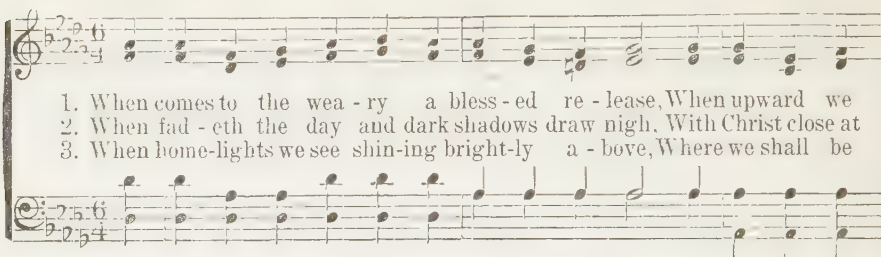


you may walk in sun-shine fair; You can find the light.
fair, in sunshine;

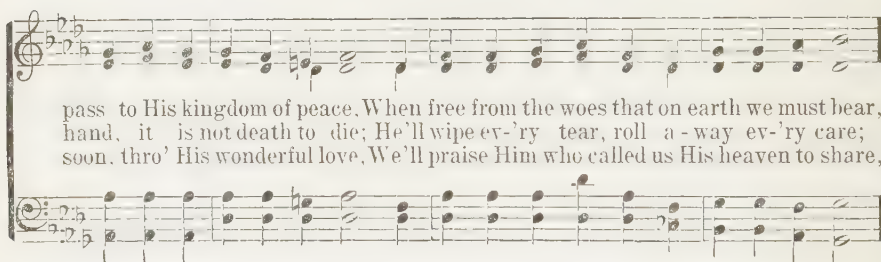


And the path-way bright, By the aid of a whispered prayer.
by a prayer.



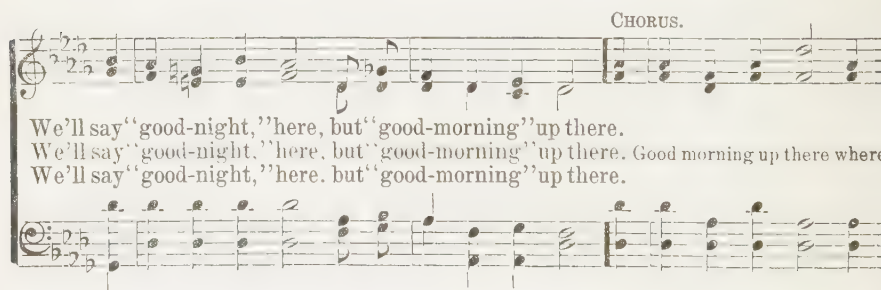


1. When comes to the wea - ry a bless - ed re - lease, When upward we
 2. When fad - eth the day and dark shadows draw nigh, With Christ close at
 3. When home-lights we see shin - ing bright - ly a - bove, Where we shall be

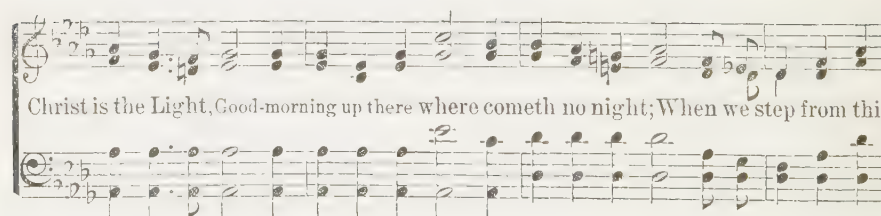


pass to His kingdom of peace, When free from the woes that on earth we must bear,
 hand, it is not death to die; He'll wipe ev - ry tear, roll a - way ev - ry care;
 soon, thro' His wonderful love, We'll praise Him who called us His heaven to share,

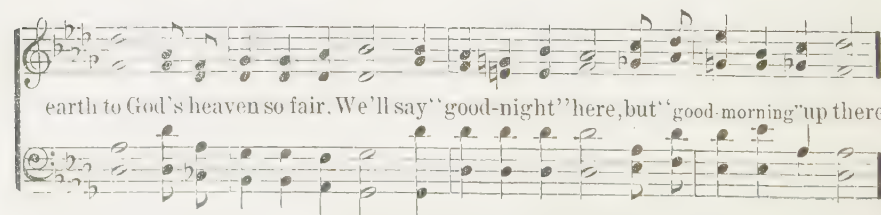
CHORUS.



We'll say "good-night," here, but "good-morning" up there.
 We'll say "good-night," here, but "good-morning" up there. Good morning up there where
 We'll say "good-night," here, but "good-morning" up there.



Christ is the Light, Good-morning up there where cometh no night; When we step from this



earth to God's heaven so fair. We'll say "good-night" here, but "good-morning" up there.

YOU CAN SMILE

A. H. A.

A. H. Ackley

1. There are ma - ny trou - bles that will burst like bub - bles, There are
 2. Tho' the world for - sake you, joy will o - ver - take you, Hope will
 3. When the clouds are rain - ing, don't be - gin com - plain - ing, What the

ma - ny shadows that will dis - ap - pear, When you learn to meet them, with a
 soon a - wake you, if you smile to - day: Don't pa - rade your sor - row, wait un -
 earth is gain - ing should not make you sad; Do not be a fret - ter, smil - ing

smile to greet them, For a smile is bet - ter than a frown or tear.
 til to - mor - row, For your joy and hope will drive the clouds a - way.
 is much bet - ter, And a smile will help to make the whole world glad.

CHORUS.

You can smile when you can't say a word, You can smile when you cannot be heard,

You can smile . . . when its cloudy or fair, You can smile any time, a - ny - where.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE

FREDERICK C. MAKER



1. Be-neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
 2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus Mine eye at times can see
 3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing place;



The shad - ow of a might-y rock With-in a wea - ry land;
 The ver - y dy - ing form of One Who suf - fered there for me;
 I ask no oth - er sun-shine than The sun - shine of His face;



A home with-in the wil - der - ness, A rest up-on the way,
 And from my smit - ten heart with tears Two won - ders I con - fess,—
 Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain or loss,



From the burning of the noon-tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.
 The won - ders of His glo - rious love And my un - wor - thi - ness.
 My sin - ful self my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.



MY MASTER WAS A WORKER

STAND UP FOR JESUS. 7, 6, 7, 6, D

WILLIAM GEORGE TARRANT, 1890

JOSEPH BARNEY, 1889



1. My Mas - ter was a work - er, With dai - ly work to do, And
2. My Mas - ter was a com - rade, A trust - y friend and true, And
3. My Mas - ter was a help - er, The woes of life He knew, And
4. Then brothers, brave and man - ly, To - geth - er let us be, For



he who would be like Him, Must be a work - er, too: Then
 he who would be like Him, Must be a com - rade, too; In
 he who would be like Him, Must be a help - er, too; The
 He, who is our Mas - ter, The Man of men was He; The



wel - come hon - est la - bor, And hon - est la - bor's fare, For
 hap - py hours of sing - ing, In si - lent hours of care, Where
 bur - den will grow light - er, If each will take a share, And
 men who would be like Him Are want - ed ev - 'ry - where, And



where there is a work - er The Mas - ter's man is there.
 goes a loy - al com - rade, The Mas - ter's man is there.
 where there is a help - er, The Mas - ter's man is there.
 where they love each oth - er, The Mas - ter's men are there. A - men.



WONDERFUL MERCY

E. E. Hewitt.

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B. D. Ackley.

1. Won-der-ful fountain that cleans-eth from sin, Won-der-ful com-fort, a -
 2. Won-der-ful prom-is - es, meet-ing my need, Won-der-ful answers, my
 3. Won-der-ful mansion that shin-eth so far, Lit by my Sav-ior, e

bid - ing with - in, Peace rolling in like the waves of the sea; Won-der-ful
 pray'rs far ex - ceed; Won-der-ful help for the work of each hour; Strength for th
 ter - ni - ty's Star: There I shall praise Him with Eden's bright throng Wonderfu

CHORUS.

freedom, when Christ makes us free.
 con - flict, vic - tor - i - ous pow'r. Wonderful, won-der-ful mer-cy I sing,
 coun - try, O won-der-ful song!

Wonderful grace of my won-der - ful King: Won-der-ful fav - or from

heav - en a - bove, Won-der-ful mer - cy, won - der - ful love.

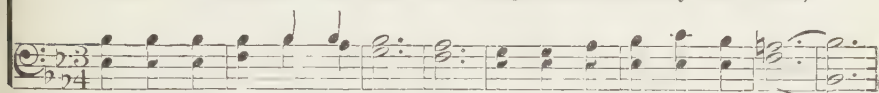
51 GIVE OF YOUR BEST TO THE MASTER

H. B. G.

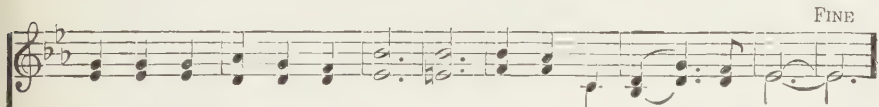
MRS. CHARLES BARNARD



1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Naught else is worth-y His love;



REF.—Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;



Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat - tle for truth.
Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con - se - crate ev - 'ry part.
He gave Him - self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo - ry a - bove:



Clad in sal - va - tion's full arm - or, Join in the bat - tle for truth.



Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Dauntless was He, young and brave;
Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave;
Laid down His life with - out mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save;

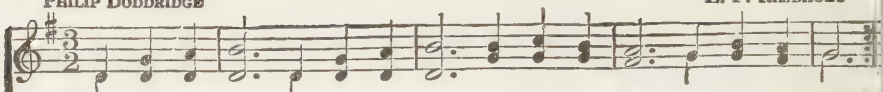


Give Him your loy - al de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have.
Grate - ful - ly seeking to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.
Give Him your heart's ad - o - ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have.

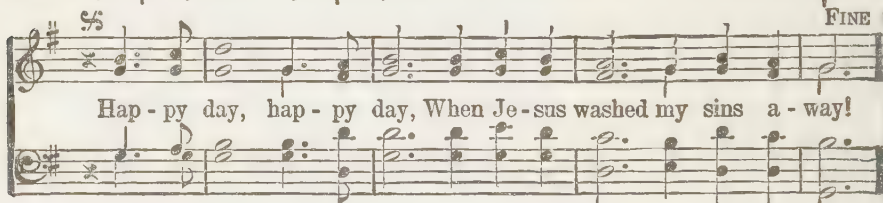
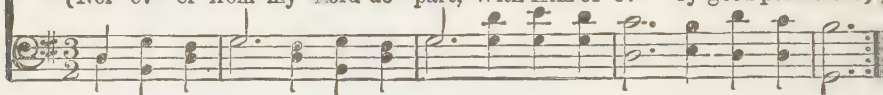


PHILIP DODDRIDGE

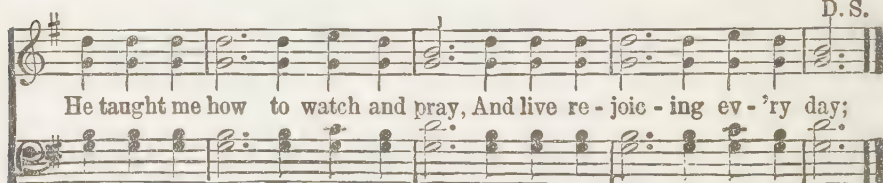
E. F. RIMBAULT



1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God!
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.
2. { O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
Let cheer - ful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
3. { 'Tis done: the great trans - ac - tion's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I fol - lowed on, Charmed to confess the voice di - vine.
4. { Now rest, my long - di - vid - ed heart; Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - tre, rest;
Nor ev - er from my Lord de - part, With Him of ev - 'ry good possessed.



Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!



He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

FANNY J. CROSBY

SILAS J. VAIL



1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for ease, or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;



D.S. - All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.

D.S. - Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.

D.S. - Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.



CLOSE TO THEE

D. S.

REFRAIN

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee;

54 RESCUE THE PERISHING

FANNY J. CROSBY COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE. USED BY PERMISSION WILLIAM H. DOANE

1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait - ing the pen - i-tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en,
child to re-ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly;
grace can re-store; Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient-ly win them;

CHORUS


Tell them of Je - sus the might-y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
Chords that are bro-ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'r'er a Sav - ior has died.

Care for the dy-ing; Je - sus is mer-ci-ful, Je - sus will save.


MARY BROWN

Copyright, 1922, by C. E. Rounsefell. Renewal.
Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner


CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL



1. It may not be on the mountain height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea,
2. Perhaps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Jesus would have me speak,
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest fields so wide.



It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek:
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied;



But if, by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged the way,
So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And knowing Thou lov - est me,



I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the mes - sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin - cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN



I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go



I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

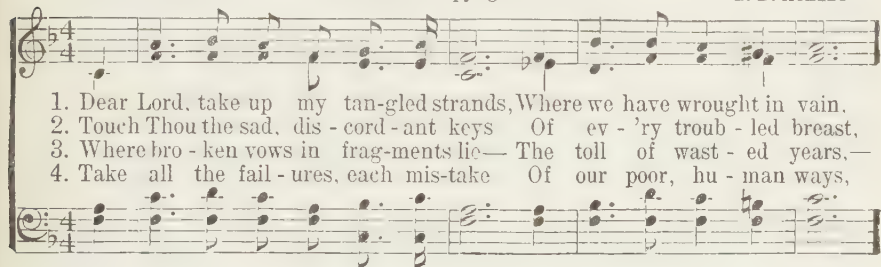
56

TRANSFORMED

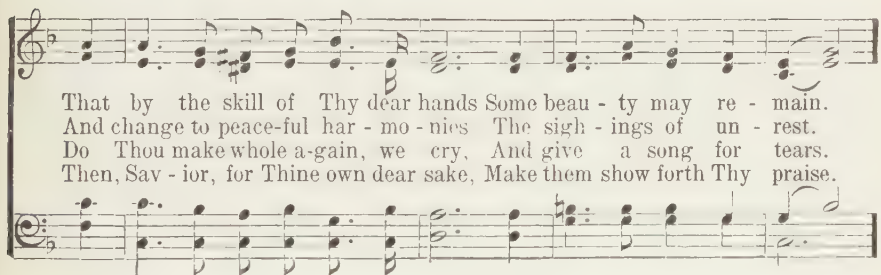
MRS. F. G. BURROUGHS

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B. D. ACKLEY

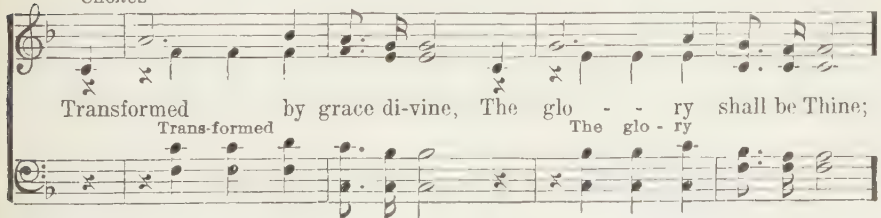


1. Dear Lord, take up my tan-gled strands, Where we have wrought in vain.
2. Touch Thou the sad, dis-cord-ant keys Of ev-'ry troub-led breast,
3. Where bro-ken vows in frag-ments lie— The toll of wast-ed years,—
4. Take all the fail-ures, each mis-take Of our poor, hu-man ways,

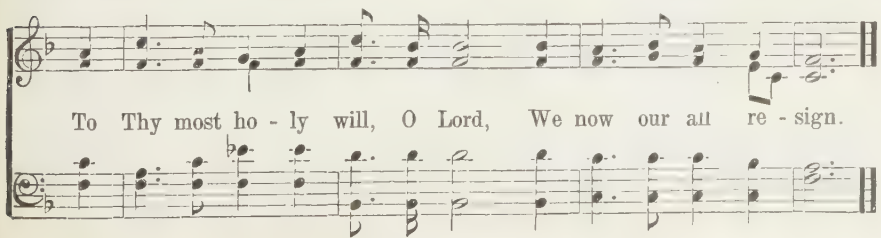


That by the skill of Thy dear hands Some beau-ty may re-main.
And change to peace-ful har-mo-nies The sigh-ings of un-rest.
Do Thou make whole a-gain, we cry, And give a song for tears.
Then, Sav-ior, for Thine own dear sake, Make them show forth Thy praise.

CHORUS



Transformed by grace di-vine, The glo-ry shall be Thine;
Trans-formed The glo-ry



To Thy most ho-ly will, O Lord, We now our all re-sign.

HIGHER GROUND

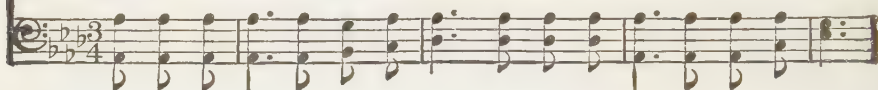
JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER

CHAS. H. GABRIEL



1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gain-ing ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



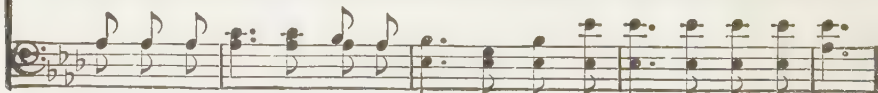
Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
 Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is high-er ground.
 For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
 But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."



CHORUS



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heav-en's ta-ble-land,



A high-er plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

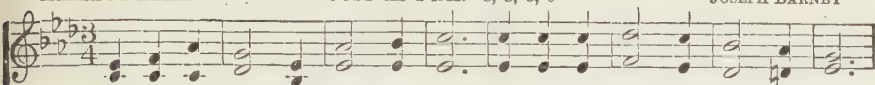


JUST AS I AM, THINE OWN TO BE

MARIANNE HEARN

JUST AS I AM. 8, 8, 8, 8

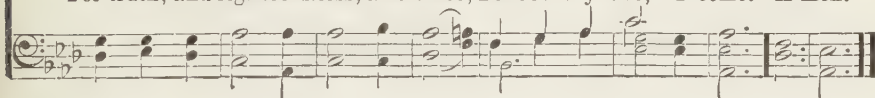
JOSEPH BARNEY



1. Just as I am, Thine own to be, Friend of the young, who lov - est me,
2. In the glad morning of my day, My life to give, my vows to pay,
3. I would live ev - er in the light, I would workev - er for the right,
4. Just as I am, young, strong, and free, To be the best that I can be

*Unison*

To con - se - crate my - self to Thee, O Je - sus Christ, I come.
 With no re - serve and no de - lay, With all my heart I come.
 I would serve Thee with all my might; Therefore, to Thee I come.
 For truth, and righteousness, and Thee, Lord of my life, I come. A-men.



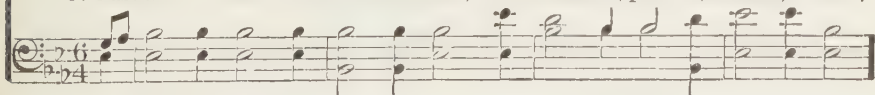
JUST AS I AM

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

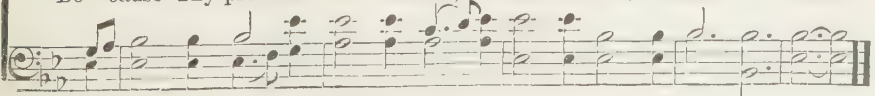
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY



1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;



And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fight - ings and fears with - in, with - out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Be - cause Thy promise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

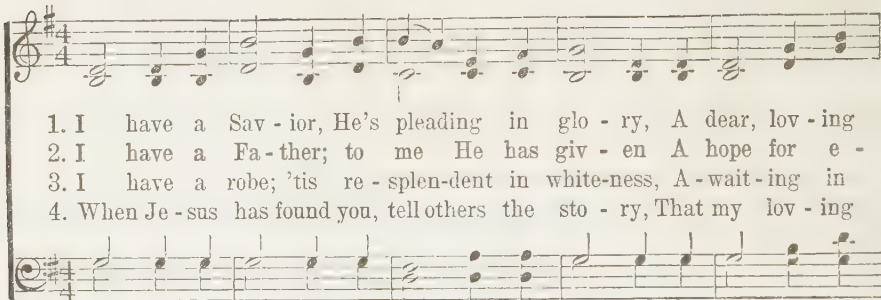


I AM PRAYING FOR YOU

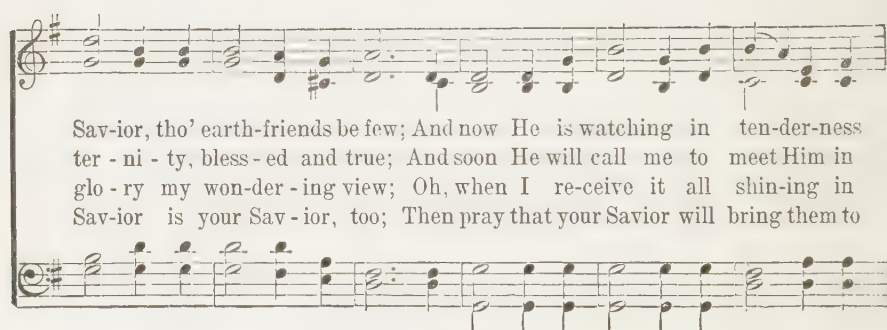
Copyright, 1904, by Ira D. Sankey

S. O'MALEY CLUFF

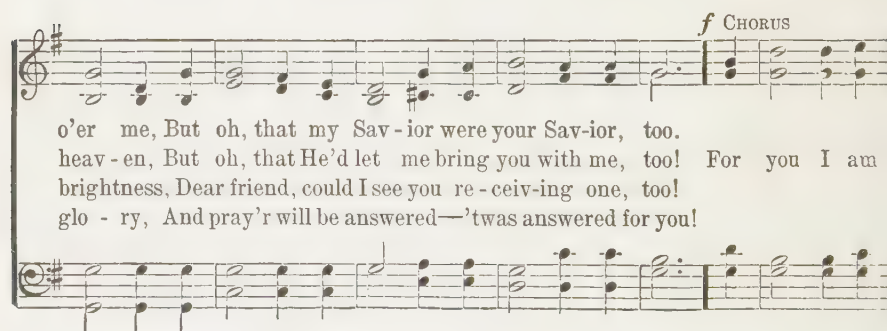
IRA D. SANKEY



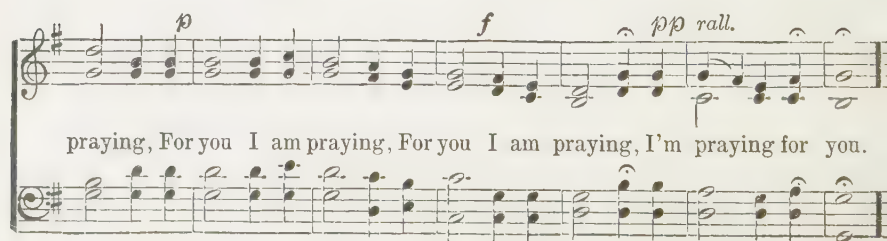
1. I have a Sav - ior, He's pleading in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing
 2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e -
 3. I have a robe; 'tis re - splen - dent in white - ness, A - wait - ing in
 4. When Je - sus has found you, tell others the sto - ry, That my lov - ing



Sav - ior, tho' earth - friends be few; And now He is watching in ten - der - ness
 ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon He will call me to meet Him in
 glo - ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in
 Sav - ior is your Sav - ior, too; Then pray that your Savior will bring them to



f CHORUS
 o'er me, But oh, that my Sav - ior were your Sav - ior, too.
 heav - en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me, too! For you I am
 brightness, Dear friend, could I see you re - ceiv - ing one, too!
 glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!



p *f* *pp rall.*
 praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.

UNSAVED!

Jennie Ree.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O why will you go a - way to-night Unsaved—far a - way from
 2. O why will you go a - way to-night Un-heed - ing the Spir - it's
 3. O why will you go a - way to-night To wan - der in pathless
 4. O why will you go a - way to-night? De-cide, sin - ner, while you

God? Why grope in the dark - ness, re - fus - ing the light Where -
 call? The ta - ble is spread, and the Mas - ter a-waits With
 gloom? Come now, ere the Spir - it for - ev - er de-parts, And
 may; From life ev - er - last - ing from friends and from God, O

CHORUS.
 in all the saints have trod. You're go - ing a - way un - saved, You're
 room at the feast for all!
 leaves thee un - to thy doom!
 why will you turn a - way?

go - ing a - way un - saved, un - saved, Though still there is room, And

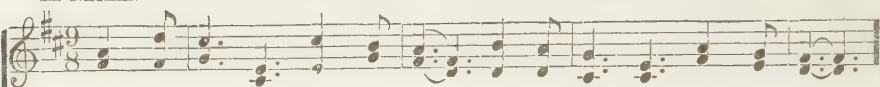
Je - sus says "Come!" You are go - ing a - way un - saved! un - saved!

WHY NOT NOW?

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EL NATHAN

C. C. CASE



1. While we pray and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub - led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ, and par - don take;



While our Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth - er, come?
 Do not turn from God thy face, But to - day ac - cept His grace.
 Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
 Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.



CHORUS



Why not now? . . . Why not now? . . . Why not come to Je - sus now?
 Why not now? Why not now?



Why not now? . . . Why not now? . . . Why not come to Je - sus now?
 Why not now? Why not now?



I AM COMING HOME

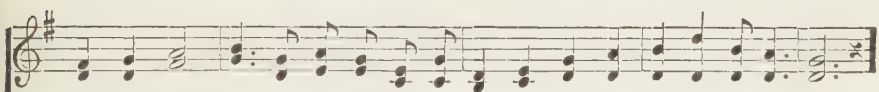
A. H. ACKLEY

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B. D. ACKLEY



1. Je - sus, I am com-ing home to - day, For I have found there's joy in
2. Ma - ny years my heart has strayed from Thee, And now re-pent-ant to Thy
3. Oh, the mis - er - y my sin has caused me, Naught but pain and sor - row
4. Ful - ly trust-ing in Thy pre-cious prom - ise, With no righteousness to
5. Now I seek the cross where Je-sus died! For all my sins His blood will



Thee a - lone; From the path of sin I turn a - way, Now I am coming home.
 throne I come; Je - sus opened up the way for me, Now I am coming home.
 I have known; Now I seek Thy saving grace and mercy, I am coming home.
 call my own, Pleading nothing but the blood of Je - sus, I am coming home.
 still a - tone, Flowing o'er till ev-'ry stain is cov-ered, I am coming home.



CHORUS



Je - sus, I am coming home to - day, Nev-er, nevermore from Thee to stray;



Lord, I now ac-cept Thy pre-cious prom - ise, I am com-ing home.



Jennie Ree

Carl Fisher

Introduction.

Voices in unison.

1. Praise ye the Lord! Timbrel and harp em - ploy; . . . Lift the voice,
 2. Praise ye the Lord! Worthy of praise is He; . . . Sun and rain,
 3. Praise ye the Lord! Herald His name a - broad! . . . Vale and hill.

sing, re-joice, Publish His greatness and glo - ry; His serv-ice shall
 joy and pain, Un - to the earth He is send - ing; He hold-eth the
 rock and rill, Join in the song with cre - a - tion; Je - ho-vah is

be fraught with an end - less joy; . . . Day and night be
 stars, gov-erns the an - gry sea; . . . Moun-tain peak and
 He— there is no oth - er God! . . . Worlds un-known are

PRAISE YE THE LORD

thy de-light, Tell - ing the won - der - ful sto - ry.
des - ert bleak Tell of His bless - ing un - end - ing.
His a - lone; Give Him your heart's ad - o - ra - tion.

CHORUS.

Great and glo - ri - ous! He is King for - ev - er - more!
Great is He, mighty and glo - ri - ous! He is King, is King for evermore!

O - ver all He is vic - to - ri - ous, We His ho - ly name a - dore! . . .
All vic - to - ri - ous, We His ho - ly name a - dore!

Reign, reign o - ver us, Keep us ev - er, leave us nev - er, Till
Reigning in maj - es - ty o - ver us, Keep us ev - er, leave us never, Till

cres.

ff

"Thine be the glo - ry" Shall be the glad sto - ry From shore to shore!

1. "Man of sor-row," what a name For the Son of God who came
 2. Bear - ing shame and scoff - ing rude, In my place condemned He stood,
 3. Guilt - y, vile and help - less we; Spot - less Lamb of God was He;
 4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is finished," was His cry;
 5. When He comes, our glo - rious King, All His ransomed home to bring,

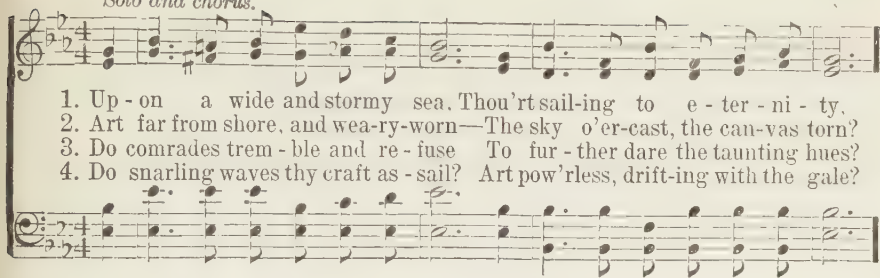
Ru - ined sin - ners to re-claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
 Sealed my par - don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
 "Full a - tone-ment!" can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
 Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
 Then a - new this song we'll sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!

1. Love - ly to the out - ward eye Seemed Je - ru - sa - lem to lie,
 2. Far bro't stones and mar - ble rare, Made its tow'rs and cir - cuits fair;
 3. And would all the crowded mart, Wealth and splen - did ease and art
 4. Wouldst Thou call our boasting good, If Thou saw - est our triumph stood
 5. Je - sus, par - don where we fall; Je - sus, our whole life en - thrall;

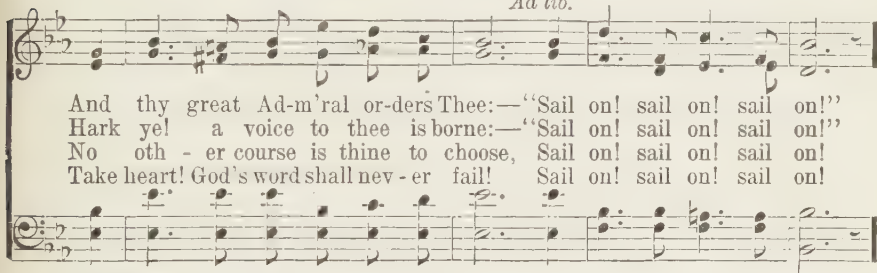
Yet 'twas there Thou cam'st to die, Jesus, Son of Ma - ry, Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry.
 Yet Thy cross was waiting there, Wearied Son of Ma - ry, Wearied Son of Ma - ry.
 Of our own world please Thy heart, O Thou Son of Ma - ry, O Thou Son of Ma - ry.
 On the wreck of brotherhood, Lov - ing Son of Ma - ry, Lov - ing Son of Ma - ry.
 Let Thy Spirit rule it all, Bless - ed Son of Ma - ry, Blessed Son of Ma - ry.

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

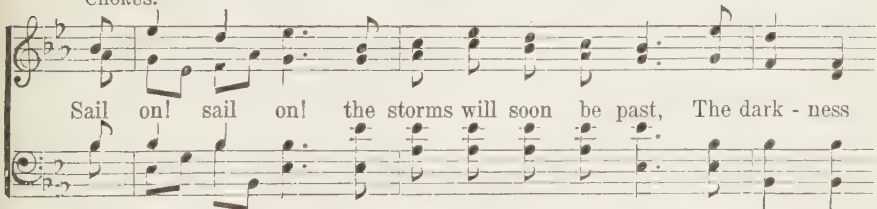
Solo and chorus.


1. Up - on a wide and stormy sea, Thou'rt sail - ing to e - ter - ni - ty,
 2. Art far from shore, and wea - ry - worn — The sky o'er - cast, the can - vas torn?
 3. Do comrades trem - ble and re - fuse To fur - ther dare the taunting hues?
 4. Do snarling waves thy craft as - sail? Art pow'rless, drift - ing with the gale?

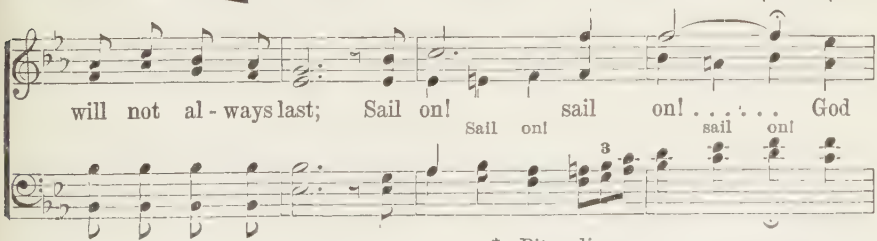
Ad lib.


And thy great Ad - m'ral or - ders Thee; — "Sail on! sail on! sail on!"
 Hark ye! a voice to thee is borne: — "Sail on! sail on! sail on!"
 No oth - er course is thine to choose, Sail on! sail on! sail on!
 Take heart! God's word shall nev - er fail! Sail on! sail on! sail on!

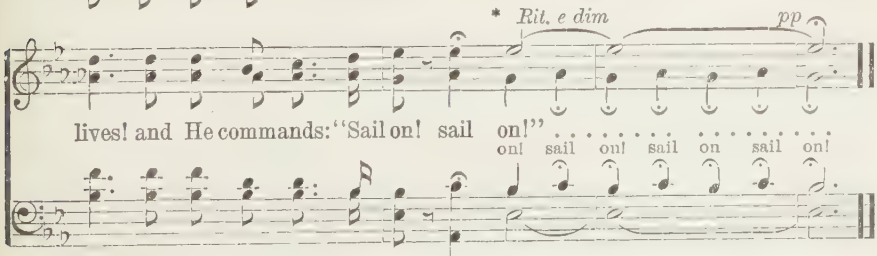
CHORUS.



Sail on! sail on! the storms will soon be past, The dark - ness



will not al - ways last; Sail on! Sail on! sail on! sail on! God



lives! and He commands: "Sail on! sail on!"
 on! sail on! sail on! sail on! sail on!

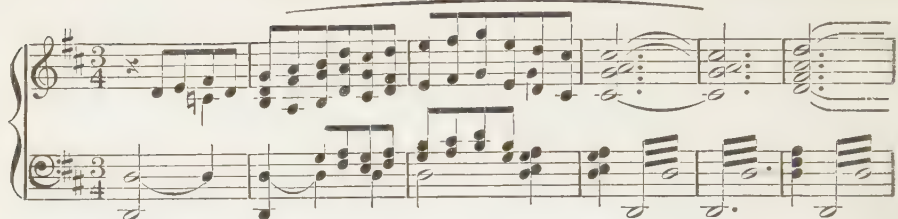
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PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

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E. Kremser
Arr. by C. H. G.

- *1. We gath - er to - geth - er to ask the Lord's blessing, He chas - tens and
 2. Be - side us to guide us, our God with us join - ing, Or - dain - ing, main -
 3. We all do ex - tol Thee, Thou Lead - er in bat - tle, And pray that Thou



has - tens His will to make known; The wick - ed op - press - ing
 tain - ing His king - dom di - vine, So from the be - gin - ning the
 still our De - fend - er wilt be. Let Thy con - gre - ga - tion es -



*1st verse by men's voices only; 2nd verse in unison; 3rd verse all parts.

PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING

rit.

cease them from distressing, Sing praises to His name, He for-gets not His
fight we were winning; Thou, Lord, wast at our side. all glo-ry be
cape trib-u-la-tion! Thy name be ev-er praised! O Lord, make us

rit.

1 & 2 Verses 3 Verse

1. own. 3. free! Lord, make us
2. Thine!

A tempo

free!

fff

THOU MIGHTY TO SAVE

Fanny J. Crosby

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Chas. H. Gabriel

INTRODUCTION

1. O Je - sus, my Lord and Sav - ior, Who gav - est Thy life for
 2. The world like a dream will van - ish. The hope like the years de -
 3. O what are the toils and la - bors, The cross - es that now I

me, No room in my heart for pleas - ures That
 cay, Its beau - ties like dew - y blos - oms Will
 bear, Com - pared with the crown im - mor - tal Laid

have not their trust in Thee; Earth has no a -
 with - er and pass a - way; But Thou wilt a -
 up for my soul to wear? 'Twill mat - ter to

bid - ing cit - y, - Not here is my place of rest, - I seek for a
 hide un - chang - ing, My sure de - fense wilt be; O Je - sus, my
 me but lit - tle What con - flicts I have passed, If, aft - er the

THOU MIGHTY TO SAVE

bright-er coun-try, A home with the pure and blest. . . .
 Lord and Sav-ior, I'm trust-ing a-lone in Thee. . . .
 strife is end-ed, I rest at Thy feet at last. . . .

CHORUS

And oh, when my course is fin-ished, And vic-tor's palm I
 And oh, when my course is fin-ished, And vic-tor's

wave, To Thee will I give the glo-ry, O
 palm I wave, glo-ry, O

cres.

Thou, who art might-y to save, To Thee will I give the
 save, To Thee

f glo-ry O Thou, who art might-y to save. . . .
slower

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